THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

HAUNTED HORROR™

#26

YOE® COMICS

Mr. KARSWELL

HORRORS OF IT ALL SPECIAL!

BERNARD BAILY

HORRORS OF IT ALL SPECIAL!

WELCOME AGAIN TO THE ***SECOND SICKENING INSTALLMENT*** IN ***THE HORRORS OF IT ALL*** (BLOG) SPECIAL THREE PART ISSUES, FEATURING ***TERRIFYING TALES*** AS CHOSEN BY YOURS UNTRULY, ***MR. KARSWELL!***

AND, ***UGH!***, MY FEARLESS FRIENDS, WHAT A SURPRISINGLY VICIOUS ISSUE THIS ONE TURNED OUT TO BE, HIGHLIGHTED BY MORE ***SEVERED HEAD*** STORIES THAN YOU CAN SWING A DECAPITATED CORPSE AT! YES, IF THIS ONE DOESN'T SCARE YOU–YOU'RE ALREADY ***BEHEADED!***

LET US BEGIN...

Mr. Karswell illustration and Horrors of it All logo art by Drazen Kozjan.

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

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Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

This special issue was edited by Mr. Karswell of The Horrors Of It All blog http://thehorrorsofitall.blogspot.com.

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On the cover, *Mister Mysteries* #10, March – April 1953. Art: Bernard Baily. Stanley Morse.

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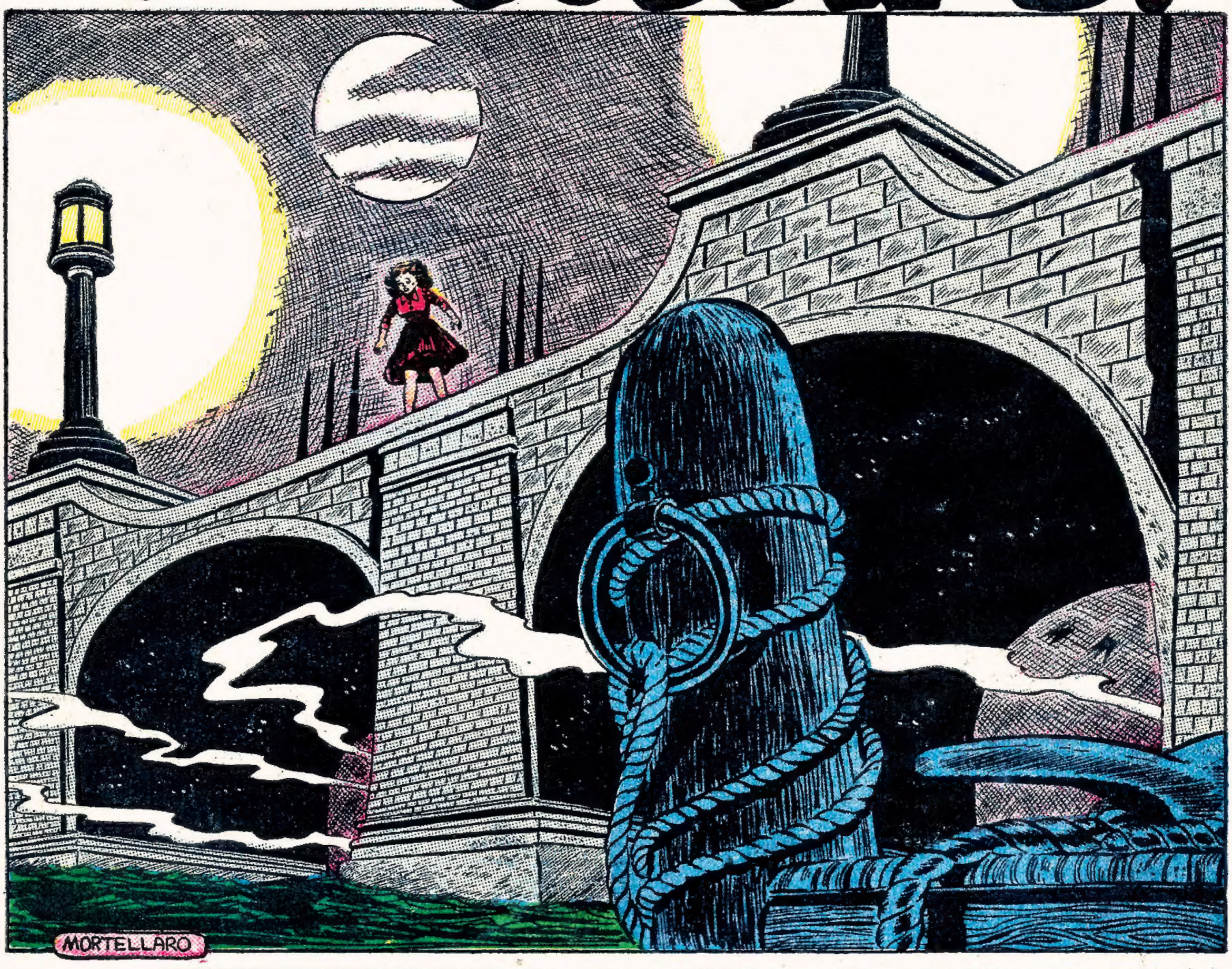
SPRINGFIELD IS A SMALL TOWN -- EVERYBODY KNEW EVERYBODY ELSES BUSINESS... ESPECIALLY THE THREE BREWSTER SISTERS -- AND IF THEY DON'T KNOW IT, THEY MADE IT THEIR BUSINESS TO FIND OUT -- THAT'S WHY THEY WERE KNOWN AS THE...

The GOSSIPS!



THEY FOUND THE NOTE ON THE BRIDGE LATER THAT NIGHT. LORRAINE WYATT... SHERIFF LYONS WENT TO THE BREWSTER HOME TO SEE IF THE THREE SISTERS COULD THROW ANY LIGHT WHY SHE SHOULD COMMIT SUICIDE... AFTER ALL ONCE SHE HAD WORKED FOR THEM!

HATE TO BOTHER YOU LADIES AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, BUT IT'S ABOUT THAT WYATT GIRL -- SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE! MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US WHY!

MIGHT HAVE FIGURED SHE'D TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT!

AFRAID TO FACE PEOPLE -- HMMPPH!

SHE WAS JUST NO GOOD!

YES, SHE WAS A THIEF!

WE CAUGHT HER STEALING SOME OF OUR JEWELRY. THAT'S WHY WE FIRED HER!

Mister Mystery #13, September 1953. Art: Tony Mortellaro. Publisher: Stanley Morse.

BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, MAYBE I'D BETTER INTRODUCE THE BREWSTER, ER, GIRLS!

THIS IS AGATHA! NOTICE THOSE EARS...THE BETTER TO HEAR YOU WITH, IS HER ANSWER!

THIS IS AMANDA! THOSE EYES! UGGHH...THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY CHILDREN!

AND FINALLY WE HAVE ALBERTA! ALBERTA OF THE TWISTED, UGLY MOUTH...THE BETTER TO...WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!

AND THERE YOU HAVE THE THREE BREWSTER SPINSTERS ...ALL AS UGLY AS SIN...IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THEY HATED LORRAINE WYATT? AFTER ALL, SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY WERE GROTESQUE! BUT TO GET ON WITH OUR STORY, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL LORRAINE APPLIED FOR THE JOB OF HOUSEKEEPER AT THEIR, ER, MAUSOLEUM...

THEY HIRED HER EASILY ENOUGH... SHE CAME WELL-RECOMMENDED...

...AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THIS POSITION! I'M SURE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!

WE'D BETTER NOT BE! AND DON'T THINK THAT THE WORK WILL BE EASY...

BECAUSE IT WON'T! AND YOU CAN START RIGHT IN BY DOING THE FLOORS IN THE KITCHEN!

LORRAINE MUST HAVE NEEDED THE MONEY REAL BAD..., TO PUT UP WITH THOSE THREE CRONES SHE HAD TO BE PRETTY DESPERATE!

YOU CALL THIS FLOOR WAXED! WHY, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED IT!

BUT I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT ALL MORNING! I'VE...

DON'T TALK BACK! IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE JOB, JUST SAY SO!

WAX

BUT SOMEHOW LORRAINE PUT UP WITH THE THREE WITCHES...UNTIL ONE DAY...

NOW DON'T DENY IT... YOU'VE BEEN STEALING!

YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCH...AND SOME OF OUR BEST JEWELRY TOO!

BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, I HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING!

SHE'S LYING! I FOUND THESE IN HER ROOM!

IT'S SOME MISTAKE...I DIDN'T TAKE THEM! I *DIDN'T*!

GET OUT! IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN'T STAND, IT'S A THIEF... AND A LIAR!

AND SO LORRAINE WAS FIRED! OF COURSE THE BREWSTER SISTERS COULDN'T REALLY PROVE THAT SHE HAD STOLEN THE JEWELRY, BUT IT WAS A SMALL TOWN AND WHO DO YOU THINK THE PEOPLE BELIEVED? LORRAINE? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WEREN'T THE BREWSTERS THE MOST RESPECTED FAMILY IN TOWN...WHY SHOULD THEY LIE!

OF COURSE LORRAINE TRIED TO GET OTHER WORK...BUT DON'T FORGET THIS WAS A SMALL TOWN...A VERY SMALL TOWN WITH A VERY SMALL MIND...

I'D LIKE TO HIRE YOU, MISS WYATT...BUT... WELL, WE JUST DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM RIGHT NOW!

WHY DON'T YOU SAY WHAT YOU REALLY MEAN...IT'S BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M A THIEF!

THAT'S HOW IT WENT WHERE EVER LORRAINE TRIED...UNTIL ONE NIGHT SHE COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER...JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT!

WHY DID THEY DO IT? I'VE GOT A HUNCH, BUT THAT'S ALL IT REALLY IS... JUST A HUNCH! DID YOU TAKE A REAL LOOK AT THE THREE BREWSTER DAMES...UGLY, AREN'T THEY? BUT LORRAINE.. AH, WHAT A DOLL...A DREAM! WELL, THAT'S MY THEORY...TAKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH..

AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME DURING THE WAR AT THE RAILROAD STATION...

HOW DISGUSTING! I'D NEVER OF THOUGHT THAT OF ANNE HILL!

AND IN PUBLIC TOO!

THERE WAS A SMILE ON ANNE'S FACE AS SHE WALKED PAST THE THREE ZOMBIES ...BUT NOT ON THEIRS!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HIM, BUT IT WAS WORTH A KISS TO SEND A SOLDIER OFF TO WAR HAPPY!

LOOK AT THE VALISE! AND SHE JUST GOT OFF THE TRAIN WITH THAT SOLDIER!

SHE'S BEEN AWAY FOR THE WHOLE WEEK-END! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

RR

AN INNOCENT KISS, THAT'S ALL IT WAS! BUT IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THEM...IT NEVER DOES TO THE GOSSIPS!

A WEEK-END! BUZZ-BUZZ

BUZZ... TRYST! BUZZ...

BUZZ-BUZZ... BRAZEN HUSSY! BUZZ-BUZZ..

BUZZ...WITH A MAN! BUZZ-BUZZ ...

BUZZ-BUZZ— NO GOOD! BUZZ...

YOU KNOW SOLDIERS! BUZZ...

THAT'S ALL THE TOWN NEEDED... AT FIRST ANNE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT... THEN IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE...

HI, KIDS, HOW ABOUT GOING..

LET'S CROSS THE STREET ...THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS GETTING AWFULLY RUNDOWN!

ESPECIALLY THE PEOPLE ...REGULAR TRAMPS!

THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO ABOUT IT...IT WAS TOO BIG FOR HER!

AND THE BOARD, IN THE BEST INTERESTS, HAVE CANCELED THE MEMBERSHIP OF ANNE HILL!

OH NO... YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT... NO...

HOW DO YOU FIGHT SOMETHING LIKE THAT? YOU DON'T...YOU CAN'T!

BUT...IT...WASN'T... AT ALL ... LIKE ... THEY... SAY... I... DIDN'T... EVEN... KNOW... HIM... HE... WAS... JUST... A.. LONESOME... SOLDIER!

BUT WHAT ELSE COULD SHE DO? WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

...YES, SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

GOOD! THAT'S ANOTHER ONE WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!

GOOD RID-DANCE TO BAD RUBBISH!

CONVINCED YET? I THOUGHT SO... BUT WAIT, THAT'S NOT THE END OF MY STORY... THERE'S MORE YET! TAKE THE CASE OF HELEN GILLUS... THE WAITRESS! HELEN WASN'T AT ALL LIKE LORRAINE OR ANNE! SHE WAS SHY... QUIET... UNEDUCATED... BUT SHE HAD ONE THING IN COMMON... SHE WAS **BEAUTIFUL!**

BABY, YOU'RE A KNOCKOUT! GORGEOUS! WHAT DO YOU SAY... IS IT A DATE TONIGHT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WORK?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW... **ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT!** TO-NIGHT THEN!

LOOK AT HER... AND IN PUBLIC TOO...

1½A

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HELEN DIDN'T SEE THE THREE BREWSTER SISTERS... HOW COULD SHE, SHE ONLY HAD EYES FOR ONE PERSON!

LOOK, SHE'S GOING WITH HIM!

AND A COMPLETE STRANGER TOO!

NO HE ISN'T... I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE!

I REMEMBER SEEING IT IN A MAGAZINE... THAT MAN IS WANTED FOR MURDER!

YOU'RE RIGHT, I REMEMBER IT! BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS A BLOND! NEVER MIND THAT, IMAGINE, HER GOING AROUND WITH A KILLER!

THAT WAS ALL THEY NEEDED... NO EVIDENCE, NO WITNESSES, JUST THEIR OWN DIRTY, FILTHY MINDS... THE TOWN WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST... IT ALWAYS DID!

A DATE WITH A KILLER! BUZZ..

BUZZ... BUM!

SHE ISN'T SAFE! BUZZ-BUZZ..

BUZZ... A MURDERER! BUZZ-BUZZ..

PROBABLY HIS GIRL! BUZZ-BUZZ-

YES, THE TOWN WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST.. AS SOON AS WORD GOT AROUND IT WOULD START!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY HELEN... BUT UNLESS I FIRE YOU PEOPLE WON'T COME IN HERE ANY MORE, SO I GOTTA LET YOU GO!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. WILSON... I UNDERSTAND!

THAT SHE COULD UNDERSTAND, BUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS BEYOND EVEN HER COMPREHENSION!

AND DON'T COME BACK! IF YOU THINK I WANT A DAUGHTER WHO'S THE GIRLFRIEND OF A MURDERER, YOU'RE CRAZY!

SOB... SOB... OH HELEN, HOW COULD YOU! TO ME, YOUR OWN MOTHER!

HELEN COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT...ALL SHE KNEW WAS THAT NOBODY WANTED HER...

AND THERE YOU HAVE MY STORY...BUT UNDERNEATH THESE SWIRLING WATERS LIES THE FINISH OF IT...

A FINISH WHICH LIES IN THE SWOLLEN, ROTTING, PUTRID FORMS WHICH SUDDENLY EMERGE FROM THE CURRENT...

...AND A SHORT TIME LATER FACE THE THREE GHOULS THAT HAVE CAUSED THEIR DEATHS... THE THREE BREWSTER SISTERS... **THE GOSSIPS!**

ARRGGHH!

NO! NO!

...NOW ALL IS PEACEFUL IN SPRINGFIELD... FOR THERE IS NO MORE GOSSIP... THEY HAVE LEARNED THAT THOU SHALT... **HEAR NO EVIL... SEE NO EVIL... SPEAK NO EVIL!**

The End

THIS *TANTALIZING* TALE OF *CRIME* AND *DEATH* WILL KEEP YOU *GLUED* TO YOUR SEATS WITH *SUSPENSE* AND *FEAR!* THE TWO *KILLERS* THOUGHT THEY HAD *EVERY* ANGLE FIGURED... BUT THEY FORGOT JUST *ONE SMALL DETAIL!* WITHIN MINUTES THEY WERE ___ ___ ___

TRAPPED!

C-CAN'T GO *ANY* FURTHER, FRANK... I'M *DYING! OH, GOD... VULTURES!* D-DON'T LET 'EM GET ME, FRANK! *HELP ME!*

HELP YOU? I'D LIKE TO *KILL* YOU! *YOU GOTTA KEEP GOIN',* WALT! *I AIN'T GONNA DIE BE-CAUSE OF YOU!*

OUR STORY OPENS IN A DINGY HOTEL ROOM IN LOS MENTAR, NEVADA, WHERE TWO EX-CONS, FRANK LENNOX AND WALT HALL LAY PLANS FOR A BUSY AFTERNOON'S "WORK"...

YOU GOT EVERYTHING *STRAIGHT,* WALT?

SURE, FRANK! THESE *SMALL TOWN* BANKS ARE A *CINCH!* BY THE TIME THE LOCAL SHERIFF GETS ON THE SCENE, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO 'VEGAS!

BANK

IT'S LATER THAT SAME DAY AND IN THE LOS MENTAR BANK THE LOCAL CITIZENRY GOES PEACEFULLY ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS...

'AFTERNOON, MRS. FOWLER! SHORE IS *WARM,* AIN'T IT?

SUPPOSED TO GO OVER A HUNDERD BY EVENIN' THE PAPER SAYS! DEPOSIT THIS TO MR. FOWLER'S ACCOUNT, PLEASE, TEDDY!

TELLER

Fight Against Crime #17, January 1954. Art: Doug Wildey. Publisher: Story Comics.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, MABEL? YOU USUALLY MAKE *WITHDRAWALS*, NOT *DEPOSITS!*

NOW, SAM, YOU KNOW THAT AIN'T...

OKAY, QUIT THE GABBIN' AND GET YER HANDS UP!

FRANK AND WALT MAKE QUICK WORK OF THE BANK...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! WE'VE GOT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES IN LOS...

SHUT UP, FATHEAD, YER BORING ME!

HURRY UP WITH THAT DOUGH! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

THE ROBBERY MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF WITHOUT A HITCH IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MRS. FOWLER'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON

MOMMY, WHAT'S TAKING *SO* LONG? I...

DICKIE, GO AWAY! DON'T...

WHAT TH...

BEFORE WALT REALIZES IT IS ONLY A SMALL BOY, IT'S TOO LATE...

OH, MY GOD! NO... NO... MY BABY...

WALT, YOU FOOL!

AHRRRRRR

BLAM!

THE JOB IS ONLY HALF-FINISHED BUT THE GUNMEN KNOW THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS WILL MEAN TROUBLE...

C'MON, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

MY... MY (SOB) BABY...

DIRTY LOUSY LOW-DOWN MURDERERS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

AS THE GET-AWAY CAR SPEEDS TOWARD LAS VEGAS, FRANK WASTES NO TIME IN TELLING WALT WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM.

FER PETE'S SAKE, IT WAS AN *ACCIDENT!*

YOU STUPID BUNGLING JERK! INSTEAD OF A TWO-BIT BANK JOB NOW WE'RE MIXED UP IN A MURDER! EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY IS GONNA BE GUNNING FER US!

ACCIDENT! DON'T HAND ME THAT! YER A *TRIGGER-HAPPY APE!* I OUGHTTA...

FRANK! UP AHEAD.. A *STATE COP'S FLAGGIN' DOWN THE CARS!*

FRANK SWERVES THE CAR OFF ONTO A SIDE ROAD... BUT THE ACTION DOESN'T GO UNOBSERVED...

HEY, MAC, LOOK AT THAT CAR BEATING IT DOWN THE SIDE ROAD!

YEAH! I'LL *ALERT* THE BOYS ON THE OTHER SIDE!

AND WHEN FRANK AND WALT COME TO THE END OF THE NARROW SIDE ROAD...

F-FRANK, THEY GOT US *TRAPPED!*

MAYBE THEY DO... *BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT TO TAKE US!*

STOP WHERE YOU ARE AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR WE'LL START SHOOTING!

BUT INSTEAD OF STOPPING, FRANK STEPS EVEN HARDER ON THE GAS AND THE CAR SHOOTS AHEAD...

COME AND GET US, COPPERS!

YOU ASKED FOR IT! OPEN FIRE, MEN!

TRY THIS FOR SIZE, FLAT-FOOT!

FRANK, I... I'M *SCARED!* WE CAN'T SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS! *THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM!*

BLAM!

BLAM!

EAGH R R R R R! *M-MY SHOULDER!*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CRASH!

ALTHOUGH WALT IS WOUNDED, THE GUNMEN MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE. HOURS LATER, DIRTY AND TIRED, THEY REACH THEIR HIDE-OUT NEAR LAS VEGAS...

AS A DOCTOR FRANK LENNOX WOULD WIN NO PRIZES... IT TAKES AN HOUR OF PAINFUL PROBING AND POKING FOR HIM TO FINALLY REMOVE THE BULLET FROM WALT'S SHOULDER...

FRANK, YOU *GOTTA* GET ME A *DOCTOR!* I'M *BLEEDING* LIKE A *PIG!*

TOO BAD! I'M *NOT* GETTING A SAWBONES! THINGS ARE *TOUGH* ENOUGH AS IT IS! *I'LL* TAKE CARE OF IT!

AIEEEE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! YER KILLIN' ME!

STOP SCREAMING! *I GOT IT!*

THE GUNMEN HOLE UP IN THE CABIN FOR TWO DAYS... TWO DAYS OF COMPLAINING AND WHIMPERING ON THE PART OF WALT...

IF THE RAIN KEEPS UP WE'LL MAKE A *BREAK* THIS AFTERNOON!

MY ARM ACHES! I AIN'T WELL ENOUGH YET!

YER TRYING MY PATIENCE, WALT! YOU GOT US INTO THIS MESS... AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY... OR I'M LEAVIN'!

OKAY, FRANK... SURE, I'LL COME! WE'RE PARTNERS... *WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!*

AS FRANK HAD HOPED THE RAIN CONTINUES AND LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE BATTERED SEDAN STARTS AWAY...

FRANK, YOU SURE IT'S A *GOOD IDEA* TO COME THIS WAY?

DON'T BE A JERK! WHO'D BE LOOKING FOR US ON A ROAD LEADING *TOWARD* LOS MENTAR?

THE GET-AWAY CAR SPEEDS FASTER AND FASTER AND WHEN FRANK MAKES A SHARP TURN AROUND A CURVE...

FRANK, LOOK OUT! IT'S A *FUNERAL* PROCESSION!

WHAT TH...

FRANK SWERVES IN TIME TO AVOID A CRASH BUT AS THE CAR COMES TO A COUGHING BALKING STOP.

THOSE ARE THE MEN THAT MURDERED MY SON! HELP! POLICE! STOP THEM!

OF ALL PEOPLE TO RUN INTO!

OH, NO! IT'S THE FUNERAL FOR THE KID!

REST IN PEACE

BEFORE THE TWO KILLERS HAVE A CHANCE TO MOVE THEY FIND THEMSELVES HANDCUFFED TOGETHER IN A POLICE CAR HEADED TOWARD LOS MENTAR...

NICE OF YOU GUYS TO DELIVER YOURSELVES TO US!

M-MY SHOULDER'S *BLEEDING* AGAIN! YOU GOTTA STOP AND *HELP* ME!

AS THE OFFICER LEANS OVER THE FRONT SEAT, FRANK MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A TIGER...

WE'RE NOT STOPPING BUT, HERE LET ME TAKE A LOOK... UGHHHHH!

HEY! WHAT TH...

PUL IC

CRACK!

BEFORE THE DRIVER CAN REACH FOR HIS GUN, A MUSCULAR ARM GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT AND...

HEY, CUT IT OUT, (CHOKE) YOU'RE STRANG...

FRANK! WATCH OUT!... THAT TREE...

AN INSTANT LATER THE WILDLY CAREENING CAR CRASHES INTO THE TREE...

CRASH!

POLICE

POLICE

BEFORE THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS POLICE CAN MOVE, THE KILLERS DASH INTO THE DESERT...

DIRTY LOUSY KILLERS

BAM!

MY LEG! H-HE GOT MY LEG!

BUT NOTHING STOPS THE DE-TERMINED FRANK. DESPITE WALT'S WOUNDS HE KEEPS RUNNING...

F-FRANK, YOU GOTTA STOP! I CAN'T KEEP GOING!

SHUT UP! YOU'LL KEEP ON TILL IT'S SAFE TO STOP! EITHER YOU RUN.. OR I'LL DRAG YOU ALONG IN THE DIRT!

ON AND ON THEY GO...HOUR AFTER HOUR...UNTIL NIGHTFALL...

I-I DON'T CARE ANYMORE! I DON'T CARE IF I DO FRY! I'M LOSING BLOOD... LEMME GO, FRANK. GO ON WITHOUT ME!

HOW DID I GET MIXED UP WITH SUCH A DUMB JERK. BIRD BRAIN, MEBBE YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET BUT...

...I CAN'T LET YOU GO! WE HAVEN'T GOT THE KEY FOR THE HANDCUFFS!

OH, NO ...NO...

THEY DON'T DARE STOP LONG AND FOR THE NEXT TWELVE HOURS THE LONE TWOSOME CONTINUED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE NEVADA DESERT UNTIL...

YER CRAZY, FRANK...WE CAN'T ESCAPE! IF YOU GO ON, YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME... C-CAN'T MOVE ANYMORE...

YOU WHINING SNIVELING RAT! IF IT WEREN'T FER YOU WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS! IF YOU CAN'T WALK, CRAWL!

FRANK STARTS RUNNING AGAIN, PULLING AND DRAGGING WALT WHO SCREAMS IN PAIN...

FRANK, NO... NO... STOP...

GO AHEAD, YELL YER HEAD OFF! SCREAM YER LUNGS OUT, IT DON'T MATTER TO ME!

BUT AFTER AN HOUR WALT'S SCREAMS AND MOANS STOP... HE'S SILENT

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CRYBABY, YOU FINALLY GET TIRED OF... HEY, WALT, WHAT'S WRONG...?

FOR WALTER HALL, THE DESPERATE JOURNEY HAS ENDED...

HE'S DEAD! I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF HIS BODY! I CAN'T KEEP DRAGGING HIM!

FRANK PULLS AND TUGS... BUT TO NO AVAIL! HE'S TRAPPED WITH THE DEAD BODY.

MAYBE I CAN SMASH THEM OPEN ON A ROCK! I'VE GOT TO GET FREE!

HE DRAGS THE CORPSE OVER TO THE ROCK AND WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT SLAMS HIS ARM DOWN...

EEOWWW! OH, GOD, MY WRIST... I'VE BROKEN MY WRIST!

BUT THOUGH HIS WRIST IS BROKEN, THE HANDCUFFS AREN'T... IN DESPERATION HE PICKS UP THE BODY AND AND STARTS WALKING AGAIN...

THIRSTY... SO THIRSTY! MAYBE I CAN FIND A MINER'S CABIN OR SOMETHING! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A DRINK!

HIS LIPS GROW DRYER, HIS MOUTH MORE PARCHED... HE SLIPS AND FALLS... AND THEN HE SEES THEM...

OH, LORD.. (CHOKE) VULTURES!

HE YELLS AND SCREAMS AND WAVES THEM OFF...

GO WAY! GO...GO!

AND THEN HE FALLS BACK, EXHAUSTED...DARKNESS SLOWLY COMES TO THE DESERT AND HE SLEEPS... IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN HE AWAKENS TO HEAR CHEWING AND PECKING...

UGHH! THEY'RE FEEDING (GAG) ON HIM!

HIS AGONIZED MIND PLEADS FOR RELEASE FROM THIS STINKING DECAYING CORPSE...AND HIS TORTURED BODY PLEADS FOR WATER... WATER...WATER...WATER...

M-MY TONGUE'S *SWOLLEN*... HARD TO *SWALLOW*... GOING TO *DIE* IF I CAN'T GET *RID* OF HIS *BODY!*

HIS STRENGTH IS QUICKLY EBBING AND HE CAN CRAWL ONLY A FEW YARDS...

OH, LORD, SOMEBODY (SOB) HELP ME... *HELP ME...*

ONCE MORE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OVERCOMES HIM AND HE FALLS BACK...WHEN HE WAKES UP, THE HOT SUN IS BEATING DOWN AGAIN... AND THERE'S A STRANGE PRESSURE ON HIS CHEST...

THEY'RE BACK *EATING* ON HIM AGAIN! I...*NO! GET OFF ME!*

BUT HE'S TOO WEAK TO MOVE..HE CAN ONLY LIE THERE AND WAIT...WAIT FOR THE BEADY-EYED VULTURES TO FINISH THEIR FEAST ON WALT AND START ON HIM!

THEY'RE COMING... OH, LORD... AGHRRRRRRRR!

HE FEELS THE VICE-LIKE JAWS CLUTCH AT HIS FLESH AND SLOWLY, BIT-BY-BIT, THE SKIN IS TORN FROM HIS BODY...BUT HE SCREAMS NO LONGER... THE DESERT IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE MUNCHING OF THE FEEDING BIRDS... *FRANK IS DEAD....!*

THE END

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, THE LEATHER-CLAD BOOK LAY DORMANT AND UNMOVING... NEVER HINTING OF THE *TERROR* THAT LIVES IN ITS YELLOWING PAGES! WHEN PRYING HANDS UNCLASPED THE COVERS, CATASTROPHE STRUCK WITH A FORCE NEVER BEFORE IMAGINED!— SLOWLY, THE BOOK OF EVIL COMES OPEN!... DO NOT TURN AWAY-- *LOOK*, MY FRIEND... LOOK *DEEPLY* INTO THE

MAP OF DOOM.

Weird Horrors #9, October 1953. Art: Joe Kubert. Publisher: Story Comics.

NIGHT... A YOUNG HONEYMOON COUPLE ARRIVED AT A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN TO CLAIM AN INHERITANCE LEFT BY THE BRIDE'S GREAT AUNT...

BLACK SWAN HALL

DARLING... I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE OLD MANSION AUNT SUSAN LEFT ME! WE CAN REDECORATE IT AND LIVE THERE, AND...

HOLD ON, BEV... I'VE NEVER EVEN *SEEN* THE PLACE... UH-OH... LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO RAIN! --

TAXI, MISTER?

WHA-? -ER- YES... TAKE UG TO *BLACK-SWAN HALL*, PLEASE...

BLACK SWAN HALL? WELL... I'LL TAKE YE *NEAR* THERE! THERE'S STRANGE THINGS GOES ON IN THAT OL' HOUSE- 'SPECIALLY AT *NIGHT!*...

AXI

TAXI

WEARILY, THE OLD CAR BUMPED OVER THE RUTTED ROAD... UNTIL THE DRIVER WOULD GO NO FURTHER...

BMMMBLE

CRAAAK

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO! SORRY- BUT YOU HAFTA WALK FRUM HERE...

HERE YOU ARE!... AND YOU'RE LUCKY I'M PAYING YOU AT *ALL*, AFTER ALL THIS NONSENSE!

IT'S... IT'S SO MUCH *BIGGER* THAN I REMEMBER IT, CARL...

THE DARK WINDOWS OF BLACK SWAN HALL LOOKED DOWN ON THEM LIKE BLINDED EYES, AS CARL AND BEVERLY MADE THEIR WAY UP TOWARD THE DECAYING MANOR-

LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS FLASHLIGHT WITH ME... WHAT A *MISERABLE PLACE!*- WELL...LET'S GET OUT OF THIS RAIN!--

IT'S...IT'S *CHANGED* SO...

AS THEY ENTERED... A FEELING OF TERRIBLE DREAD FILLED THEIR MINDS...

WE...WE COULD *NEVER* LIVE HERE, CARL! THE TELEPHONE IS STILL CONNECTED IN THE LIBRARY! CALL THE TAXI BACK AGAIN...

THE QUICKER THE BETTER!-

CARL COMPLETED HIS CALL, AND TURNED TO BEVERLY...

THE TAXI WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, BEV...

CARL! I...I HEARD A *NOISE!*

EEEE EEEE

CLUMP

IT'S ONLY A *RAT*, BEV!... *LOOK!*- *BEHIND YOU!*-- WHERE YOU KNOCKED THE SHELVES DOWN...

IT'S A *DOOR* OF SOME KIND, BEV!...I--I FEEL SOMETHING *PULLING* ME INSIDE! I'VE *GOT* TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR BEFORE WE LEAVE!...

AUNT SUSAN NEVER MENTIONED ANYTHING ABOUT A DOOR-? I'M *AFRAID*, CARL... *DON'T--!*

SQUEE

KREEEEE

A...A *CASKET!*

DARK FEAR CHILLED THE BLOOD OF THE YOUNG COUPLE, AS THROUGH THE SULPHUROUS MISTS OF THE SECRET ROOM THEY ENTERED THE REALM OF... *DEATH!*

THERE'S... THERE'S SOMETHING *IN* THIS CASKET!--

WHA-WHAT *IS* IT, CARL?---

WHY...IT'S ONLY AN OLD, WORLD ATLAS! "FIRST *USED* IN 79 A.D."...? THAT'S FUNNY...

WORLD ATLAS

First printed and used in the year 79 A.D.

QUESTION UPON UNANSWERED QUESTION CROWDED THEIR MINDS!...LOGIC DICTATED THAT THIS BOOK COULDN'T *POSSIBLY EXIST!*--AND YET--*HERE IT WAS!!*

WASN'T-- WASN'T THAT THE YEAR THE VOLCANO - *VESUVIUS* - ERUPTED AND BURIED POMPEII?... HOW COULD-? I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

...PRINTING WASN'T EVEN *INVENTED* UNTIL CENTURIES AFTER!-- T-THIS *MUST* BE A *JOKE!*

LOOK AT *THIS!* A COMPLETELY MODERN MAP OF NEW YORK CITY!...THIS *PROVES* IT! IT'S ALL A *HOAX!*

SOMEONE'S JUST TRYING TO PLAY A JOKE ON US, CARL! AND WE ALMOST FELL FOR IT!!

NO! NO! IT *CAN'T BE!...*

IN A TERROR-STRICKEN VOICE, CARL BLURTS OUT...

BEVERLY! THE MAP... THE MAP IS *ALIVE!* THE SURFACE IS ROUGH... I CAN ALMOST *FEEL* THE BUILDINGS WITH MY FINGER! ...IT'S THE WEIRDEST SENSATION---!

IT...IT *MUST* BE MY IMAGINATION! COME ON... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BEV!--- THIS WHOLE HOUSE IS SO DARN *OPPRESSIVE!*

LET ME TAKE THE BOOK, CARL...

ATLAS

BEVERLY TOOK THE ATLAS... AND THE PAGES OPENED AS IF BY THEIR *OWN* ACCORD! NEEDLES OF FEAR RAN UP AND DOWN HER SPINE...

WAIT, CARL... *OH-!* TH-THE PAGES OPENED TO HAWAII, WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEYMOON... AND HERE'S... *WHA-?*

MY FINGER!... IT'S *WET!* WHEN I TOUCHED THE MAP OF THE OCEAN NEAR HAWAII... I FELT *WATER!* CARL, I'M *FRIGHTENED!*

THE ROOM WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE LOW CHORTLING LAUGHTER OF A THOUSAND EVIL DEMONS...

HAHAHEEHAAHEHAHA HAHEEHAHA

LISTEN!... DO YOU HEAR *THAT?* THINGS-- THINGS LIKE THIS JUST DON'T HAPPEN!-- GHOSTS AND BOGEY-MEN ARE *KID* STUFF!...

L-LET'S G-GO... PLEASE-- *PLEASE!* WE'LL MEET THE TAXI OUT ON THE ROAD--- LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE! ANY MORE OF THIS, AND I'LL BE CRAWLING UP THE WALLS!...

IN THEIR HASTE IN FLEEING THE HORROR-HOUSE... THEY TOOK THE *ATLAS* WITH THEM...

I... I THINK I HEAR THE *TAXI* COMING... THANK HEAVEN!-

MOMENTS LATER, CARL AND BEVERLY WERE IN THE TAXI---WHEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT CAME OVER THE RADIO...

I NEVER WANT TO GO THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE *THAT* AGAIN...

SHSHSH- *LISTEN!* THE CAR'S RADIO...

TWIN CATASTROPHES HAVE JUST STRUCK THE EARTH...

TAXI

...JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO, MANHATTAN WAS SMASHED *FLAT* BY SOME TREMENDOUS INVISIBLE FORCE... AND THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS HAVE SUDDENLY *DISAPPEARED* BENEATH THE OCEAN! NEVER HAS SUCH *COMPLETE* AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION BEEN SEEN! THE DEAD CANNOT BE COUNTED! SCIENTISTS ARE AS YET UNABLE TO DETERMINE THE CAUSES...

AIR

CARL!-OUR ATLAS! COULD IT HAVE BEEN-?

DON'T SAY ANYTHING! CABBIE!... TURN AROUND AND TAKE US BACK TO BLACK SWAN HALL!--

ANSWERS CAME TO INCREDIBLE QUESTIONS! WAS THIS THEIR DOING? THEIR MINDS SPUN...

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK IS A PIT OF RUBBLE...

BACK AT BLACK SWAN HALL --- FULL REALIZATION OF THE BOOK'S POWER STRUCK THEM..

WE'VE...WE'VE GOT TO PROVE IF THIS ATLAS IS REALLY THE CAUSE...HERE!-THIS MAP OF ICELAND WILL DO!...WE'LL FIND OUT IF WHAT WE THINK IS TRUE!--

I'LL TURN ON THE RADIO, CARL...

THE THIN LINE DIVIDING SANITY AND REASON SPLIT!-THE DEMONIAC POWER THE BOOK AFFORDED THEM SHATTERED THEIR FEVERED BRAINS!

CHUNK

...OF NEW YORK AND HAWA-WHA? FLASH! THE ENTIRE ISLAND OF ICELAND HAS VANISHED BENEATH THE SEA AS THOUGH IT WERE SMASHED DOWN BY A GIGANTIC HAMMER'S BLOW!---

IT'S TRUE!--I-I CAN RULE THE WORLD!

WE, CARL... IT'S MY ATLAS!

OF COURSE, DEAREST-- OF COURSE! WE'LL WIPE OUT CITY AFTER CITY UNTIL THEY GIVE US ALL THAT WE ASK! OUR NEXT STEP IS TO CONTACT A STATE'S GOVERNOR... CHICAGO!...

DAYS LATER...

DESTR... CHICA... Credits himself... destroying New... Ha...ll, and...

MR. GOVERNOR-- UNLESS YOU AGREE TO GIVE ME FIVE MILLION DOLLARS, I'LL COVER CHICAGO WITH--BOILING LEAD!-YOU HAVE UNTIL NOON TOMORROW ...

WHO ARE YOU?-- YOU MUST BE MAD! I'LL NEVER AGREE TO SUCH INSANITY!

THE *FOOL!*... HE DIDN'T *BELIEVE* ME! NOW HE'LL *PAY!* AND THE PRICE WILL BE MORE THAN MONEY...

GOOD, CARL... *GOOD!*

THE DEMENTED COUPLE SET ABOUT TO CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT... CARL'S EYES SHONE WITH AN UNHOLY LIGHT...

THE BOOK IS OPEN TO CHICAGO... AND THE LEAD IS HOT ENOUGH--- *TO KILL!!*

AND *NOW*...

AND AT THAT MOMENT IN CHICAGO... IN THE STOCKYARDS...

BLOP

SSSSSSSSSSS

SSSSS

MAW

WHA-?

YAAA-

SSSS

CHICAGO WAS A *BLAZING INFERNO!* THE ENTIRE CITY WAS SOON COVERED WITH MOLTEN METAL...

Rome, Feb. 12 (U.P.).— Rome has b... torch. Death... but neve... describ... said t... wipe... ousle... pesti... Outg... builin... crum... 'alls ha... instan...

FLASH!- MANIACS WHO CONTROL SOME *UNKNOWN POWER*, HAVE DEMOLISHED CHICAGO--- AND MOVED ON TO *EUROPE!* ROME IS A PATCH OF BLACK ASHES... LONDON HAS BEEN WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!- PARIS IS NO MORE...

London, Feb. 13 (U.P.).— Big Ben will sound no more Completing the terrible des which sta yesterda... 1,000,000 peop...

Paris, Feb. 1... The Eiffel Tower ... crumbling ruin... Paris is a ... ere

...THE WORLD'S LEADERS HAVE DECIDED TO *CAPITULATE!*-- THIS IS THE END OF AN ERA, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... MAY HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON US *ALL!*

THEY'VE GIVEN IN, CARL! *WE'VE WON!*

I *KNEW* WE WOULD!- BUT... WHAT SHALL I DO *FIRST?* I HAVE SO MANY THINGS I WANT TO DO... SO MANY PLANS... *I OWN THE WORLD!*-

WE, CARL!... NOT YOU ALONE!-THE ATLAS BELONGS TO *ME!*

EVIL KNOWS NO BOUNDARY-- RECOGNIZES NO ALLY!--- CARL SAW BEVERLY NOW AS AN *OBSTACLE*... OF WHICH HE *MUST* RID HIMSELF!....

I MUST... GET RID OF HER!--

OF *COURSE,* DEAR... I'M WEARY... AS *YOU* MUST BE, ALSO!--- LET'S GET SOME SLEEP... I'LL FIX US SOME HOT MILK... YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND LIE DOWN...

SILENTLY, BEVERLY FOLLOWED CARL.. SUSPICIOUSLY, SHE WATCHED HIM--AND WHAT SHE SAW MADE HATRED BOIL UP WITHIN HER!...

NOW... JUST A FEW DROPS OF ARSENIC... AND I WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH *HER* ANYMORE! WHY--- I CAN HAVE *ANY* WOMAN ON *EARTH!*

HE'S... HE'S PLANNING TO *KILL ME!*-

I'LL HIDE THE ATLAS-- AFTERWARDS, I'LL GO DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND GET A BIG TRUNK-- BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE A *BODY!*--

I MUST GET BACK TO BED BEFORE HE DISCOVERS ME!...

MINUTES PASS, AND..

DRINK UP, BEVERLY... AND YOU'LL FEEL *MUCH* BETTER!--IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO RELAX AND -*SLEEP!*

BUT---WHY ARE YOU STILL DRESSED, CARL? AREN'T *YOU* GOING TO BED, TOO?

AS CARL TURNS TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW---

WHY...*YES*, BEV!... BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO DO AN ERRAND IN TOWN ...THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE'LL NEED! I'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, BEVERLY...

NOW THAT YOUR *DEAD*, MY DEAR ... I'VE LOTS TO DO! BUT FIRST, I'LL GO INTO TOWN ...TO GET THE *TRUNK!* I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!-HA,HA!

:GASP: --THE *MILK!*-- CARL ...I-I CAN'T--- *BREATHE!*-BURNING... M-MY *THROAT!*

TSK, TSK... TOO BAD, MY DEAR... *TOO BAD!*

THE MINUTES PASSED SLOWLY...THEN, BEVERLY LIFTED HER HEAD... EVIL VENGEANCE HAD CHANGED HER FACE TO AN UGLY MASK!...

HE'S *GONE!*--HE-HE THINKS I'M DEAD! THE STUPID FOOL!! --DID HE THINK HE COULD GET RID OF ME *SO EASILY?* IN A FEW MORE MINUTES, *HE* WILL BE DEAD! AND *I* WILL BE *QUEEN OF THE WORLD!* MEN WILL CLAMOR AT MY FEET!---

BUT IT *HAD* TO BE THIS WAY!...*NO ONE* WILL STAND IN MY WAY *NOW!* *NO ONE!!*

*BEVERLY SPRANG TO HER FEET!...HER ONE THOUGHT WAS TO DESTROY CARL, AS HE HAD SOUGHT TO DESTROY *HER!*- SHE REACHED FOR THE NIGHTMARE BOOK...*

NOW TO TURN TO A MAP OF BLACKVILLE!...ONE THAT WILL SHOW THE STREETS OF THE TOWN...

TAKING ONE OF THE KITCHEN KNIVES, BEVERLY OPENED THE ATLAS...

...THE HARDWARE STORE IS ON BLEEK AND MAIN STREETS! I'LL RIP THE *WHOLE AREA TO SHREDS!* GOODBYE, MY DEAR HUSBAND...GOOD-BYE!!

AND IN BLACKVILLE, NEAR THE HARDWARE STORE...

WHAT IS--? NO! *NO!*-IT *CAN'T BE!*...THE *ATLAS!* BUT SHE'S -SHE'S *DEAD!* I *KILLED* HER!-*NO*, BEVERLY-- *NO!!*

CRASH

WAY

NO PARKING

HARDWA

FOOT ING BILLS

YAAAAAA!

BEVERLY HEARD THE CRASHING NOISES OF DEATH-BUT... IN HER HYSTERICAL TRIUMPH, SHE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HER HAND HAD *SLIPPED!*- BRINGING THE BLADE NEARER AND NEARER TO BLACK SWAN HALL...

HAHAHAAAHAH

WHA-? OH, NO! THE KNIFE! *NO! NO!*

EEEEEEEEEEEE

CRACK

RRRUMMBLE

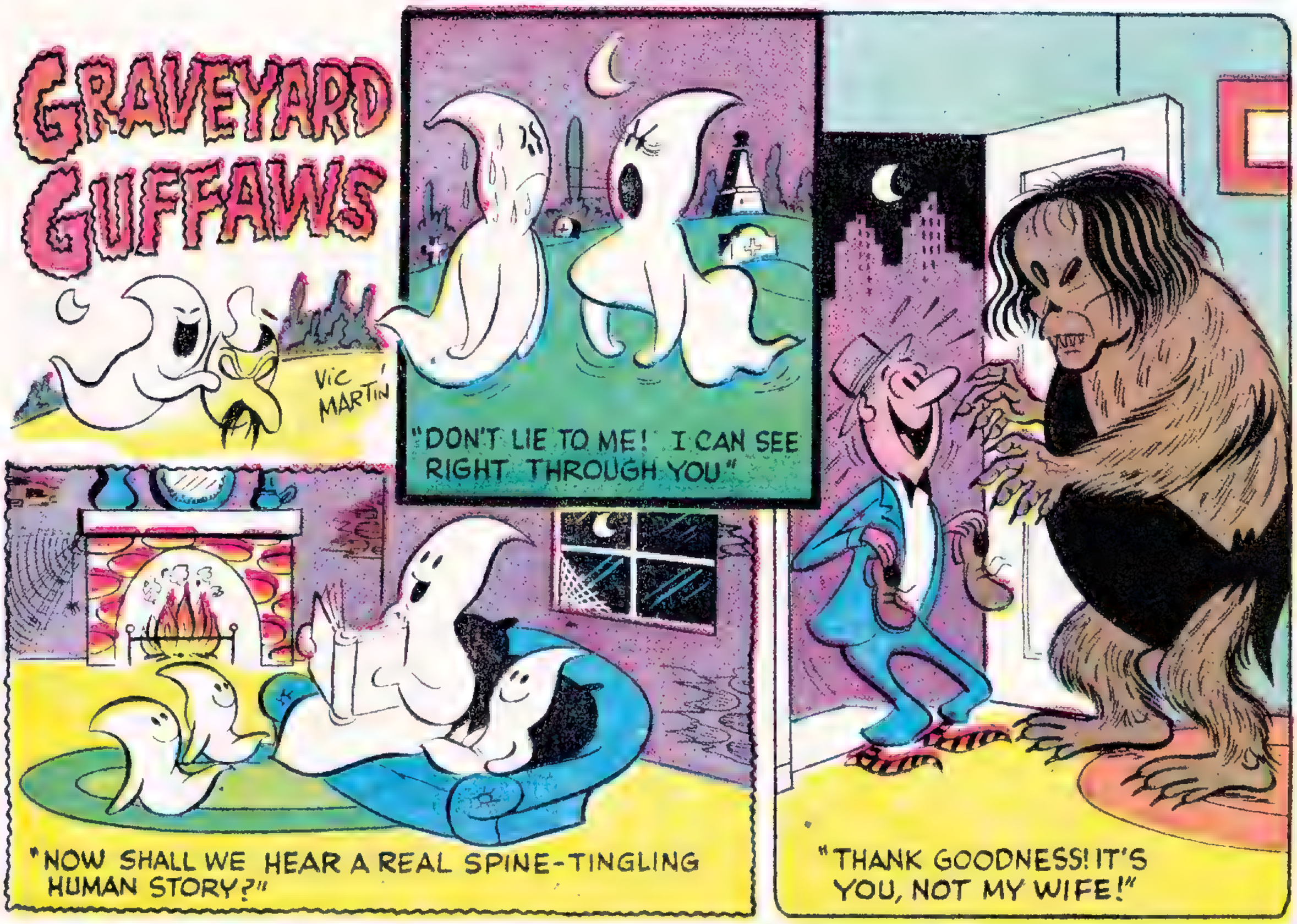
CRASH

STILL UNTOUCHED...LYING BENEATH THE RUBBLE, NEAR BEVERLY'S NOW STILL BODY-LIES THE *ATLAS!*...IT IS WAITING... LIKE LATENT *EVIL*- FOR *OTHER* HANDS TO FIND IT...*PERHAPS-YOURS!*

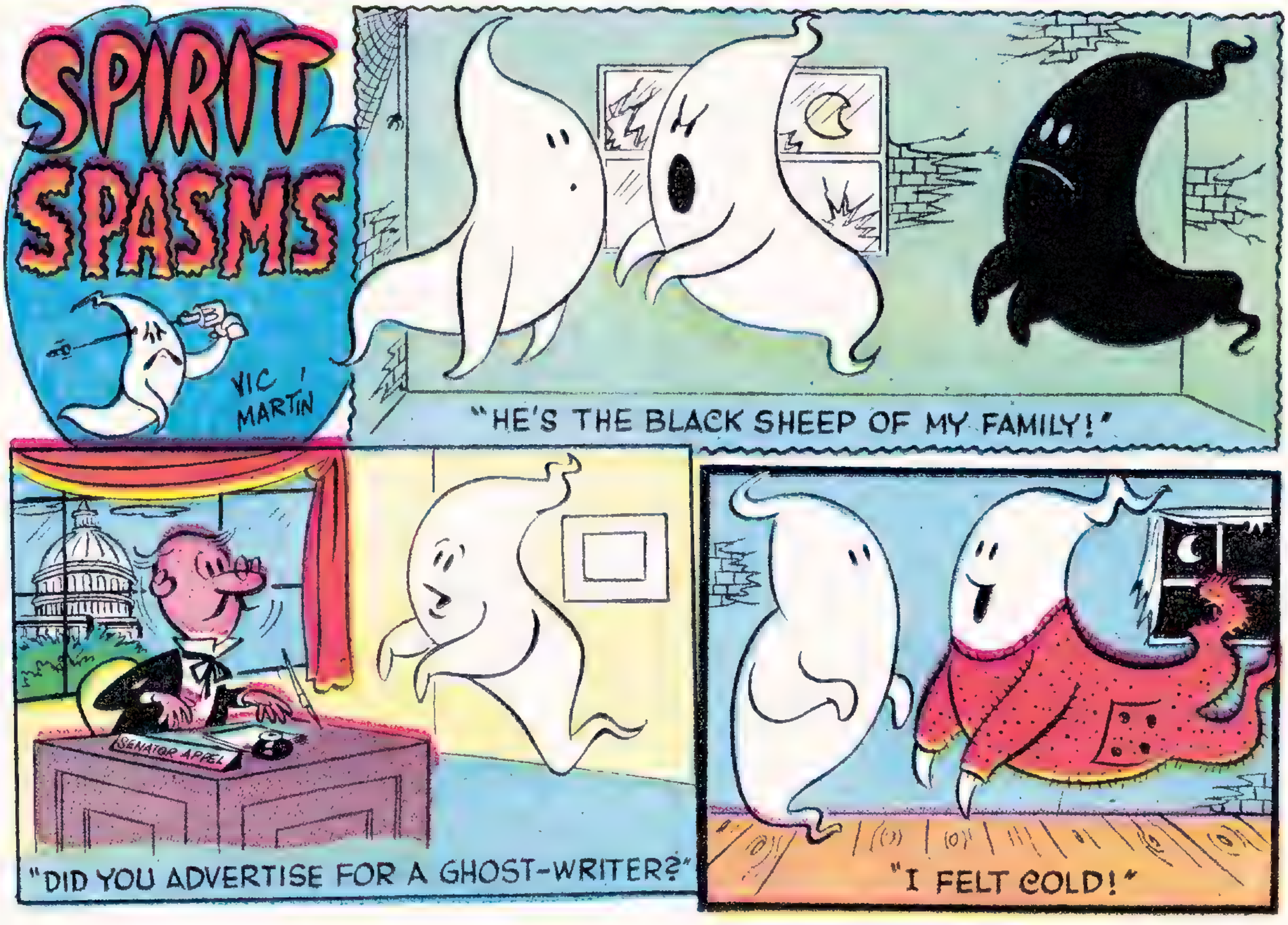
First pri
and used in the
year 79 A.D.

The End

GRAVEYARD GUFFAWS


VIC MARTIN
"DON'T LIE TO ME! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU"
"NOW SHALL WE HEAR A REAL SPINE-TINGLING HUMAN STORY?"
"THANK GOODNESS! IT'S YOU, NOT MY WIFE!"

SPIRIT SPASMS



Amazing Ghost Stories #15, December 1954. Art: Vic Martin. Publisher: St. John.

BARON KROGER WAS THE TOP COLLECTOR OF ALL EUROPE! THAT'S WHY SCHWILL, THE UNSCRUPULOUS DEALER, CALLED ON HIM! HE DIDN'T KNOW *WHAT* THE BARON COLLECTED -- NOR THE HORROR THAT AWAITED HIM IN THE GLOOMY CASTLE OF

THE HEAD MAN

I'VE HEARD YOU NEED MONEY, BARON! WE *MAY* BE ABLE TO DO BUSINESS!

I'LL BE GRATEFUL -- FOR ANYTHING YOU'LL BUY, HERR SCHWILL!

HARRY LAZARUS

Adventures into the Unknown #53, Marc 1954. Art: Harry Lazarus. Publisher: ACG.

HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PIECE-- I *USED* TO BE INTERESTED IN JADE! IT'S YOURS FOR 5,000 MARKS!

I'LL TAKE IT-- FOR *500!*

BUT-- BUT IT COST *50,000!* I WOULDN'T EVEN SELL IT IF--

--IF YOU DIDN'T WANT CASH! THAT'S WHY YOU'LL TAKE MY OFFER--AND *LIKE* IT!

LOOK--LET'S NOT WASTE WORDS! I'VE HEARD YOU'VE LOST INTEREST IN ALL THIS SINCE YOU STARTED SOME *NEW* KIND OF COLLECTION! I'LL TAKE EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT--FOR 100,000 MARKS!

A PRICE LIKE THAT-- FOR POSSESSIONS LIKE MINE? IT'S AN *INSULT!*

BUT I--I'VE GOT TO ACCEPT! I'VE GOT TO FINANCE MY GREAT NEW COLLECTION--

YOU USED TO BE HEAD MAN IN THE ART WORLD! TELL ME-- WHAT *IS* THIS *NEW* COLLECTION OF YOURS?

BUT BARON KROGER WOULDN'T TELL! AND THE SECRET HE HID GNAWED AWAY AT SCHWILL---

HE COULDN'T SLEEP FOR WONDERING ABOUT IT--

CONFOUND IT, WHY WON'T THE OLD FOOL TALK? IT MUST BE SOMETHING *VALUABLE*--TO MAKE HIM GIVE UP HIS OTHER TREASURES FOR A SONG!

WHEN THE HEAD MAN IN HIS FIELD STEPS DOWN, THERE'S SOMETHING *BIG* IN THE OFFING! I'M FINDING OUT-- *RIGHT NOW!*

BARON KROGER WASN'T THE LEAST SURPRISED BY THE MIDNIGHT VISIT--

AH, HERR SCHWILL! I *EXPECTED* YOU!

TRYING TO PRETEND *SECOND SIGHT*, EH? THEN TELL ME *WHY* I'VE COME!

SIMPLE -- YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT MY *NEW COLLECTION!* WELL -- *IT'S NOT FOR SALE!* I'D SUGGEST YOU LEAVE -- *AT ONCE!*

DON'T BE A *FOOL*, BARON! WE CAN DO BUSINESS -- YOU CAN USE THE MONEY--

HE WON'T EVEN *LISTEN* TO ME! THAT PROVES IT -- HIS SECRET MUST BE WORTH *MILLIONS!* IF BARGAINING WON'T DO IT -- I'LL TRY *THREATS!*

BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING FURTHER -- WILL YOU *SHOW* ME THIS COLLECTION?

NO -- *NEVER!* AND *GET OUT OF HERE!*

IT WAS THEN THAT SCHWILL TRIED A BLUFF --

A HIDDEN ROOM -- A LARGE WALL SAFE! SLOWLY THE BARON OPENED IT --

YOU'RE NOT HOLDING OUT ON *ME!* TAKE ME TO SEE IT -- *OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG!*

NO -- *SPARE ME!* I'LL -- I'LL SHOW YOU --

MY NEW COLLECTION'S -- IN THERE! SEE FOR YOURSELF, HERR SCHWILL!

STAND ASIDE, FOOL!

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE!

WHY NOT TRY LOOKING? YOU'LL SEE WHAT THE HEAD MAN OF THE ART FIELD INTERESTS HIMSELF IN NOW!

OVERCOME BY CURIOSITY AND GREED, SCHWILL THRUST HIS HEAD INTO THE OPEN WALL SAFE! AND THERE --

WHY, IT'S NOTHING BUT A SHAFT! AND SKULLS.. HUMAN SKULLS!

YES--IT'S A PRICELESS COLLECTION! THERE ISN'T ANOTHER LIKE IT IN THE ENTIRE WORLD!

I--I'M CAUGHT! SOMETHING'S CLAMPED MY HEAD TIGHT!

BARON, HELP ME! LET ME GO! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO THREATEN YOU! I--

NOW -- SEE HOW THE HEAD MAN ADDS TO HIS COLLECTION!

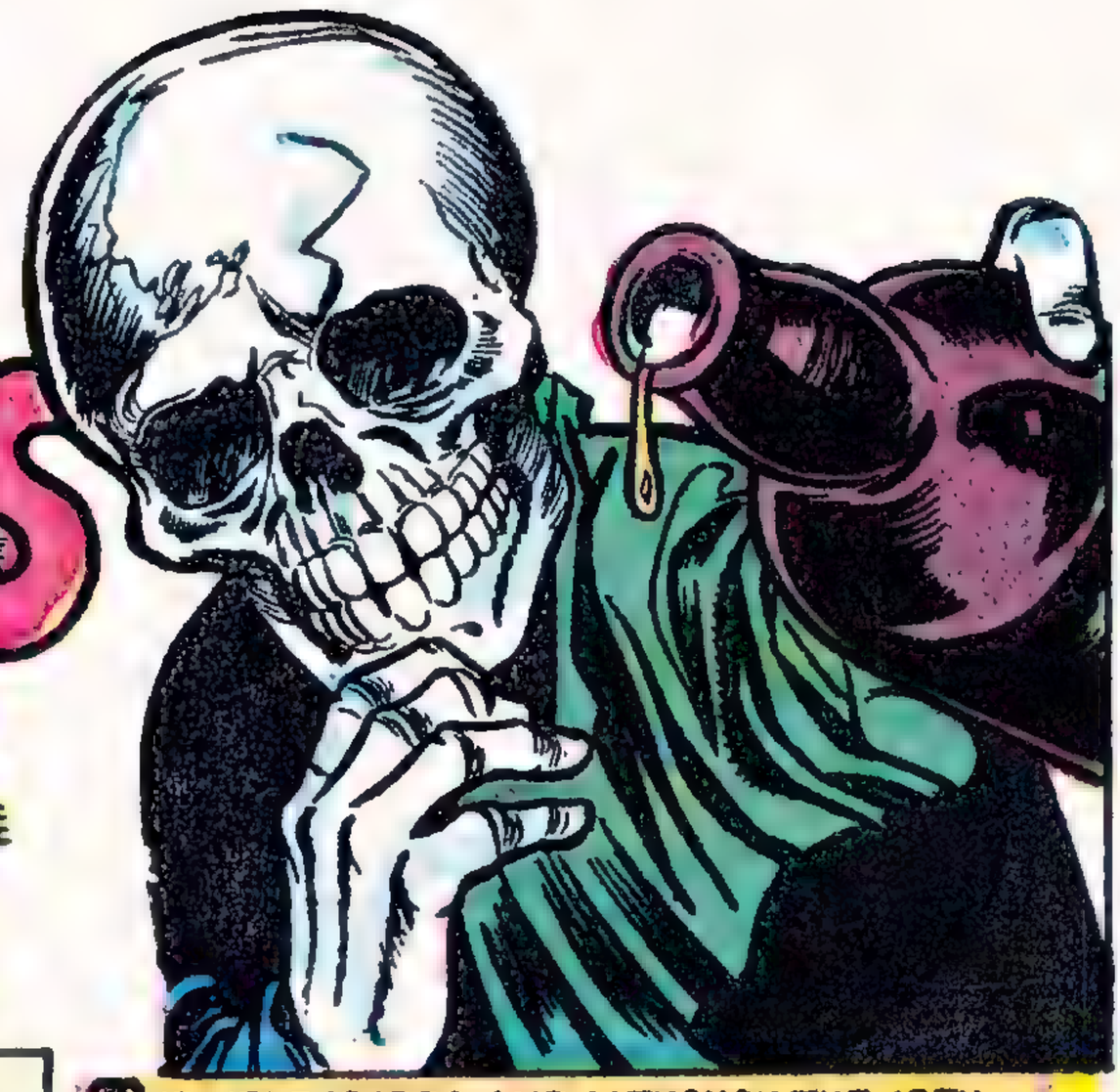
THEN, A HORRIBLE, RUMBLING SOUND! THERE WAS TIME ONLY FOR ONE ANGUISHED SCREAM...

AAIIEEEEE!

END

SO YOU JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH *GORE*, EH, KIDDIES? NOT ENOUGH *TERROR*, NOT ENOUGH *HORROR*? WELL, HERE'S A *REPULSIVE* LITTLE GEM THAT SHOULD KEEP EVEN *YOU* SATIATED! IT'S A *DRUNKEN* DRAMA WE CALL...

BOTTOMS UP



THE YEAR IS 1929 AND ALTHOUGH THE 18TH AMMENDMENT HAS PROCLAIMED PROHIBITION, THE MAJORITY OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS STILL INDULGE IN A LITTLE NIP...

C'MON, JOE, *OPEN UP!* WE'RE *DYING* OF THIRST!
RIGHT, MRS. FRANKLIN! SORRY TO TAKE SO LONG, BUT YOU CAN'T BE TOO *CAREFUL* THESE DAYS... THE *LAW*, YOU KNOW!

INSIDE JOE'S SPEAKEASY THE BATHTUB GIN FLOWS LIKE WATER! LOU HENDRICKS, THE BARTENDER IS KNOWN ALL OVER NEW YORK FOR HIS "SPECIAL" CONCOCTION: GIN AND VODKA WITH JUST A TOUCH OF BITTERS...

Mysterious Adventures #18, February 1954. Artist unknown. Publisher: Story Comic.

LOU HENDRICKS WAS BORN FOR HIS JOB: THERE'S NOTHING LOU LIKES BETTER THAN A DRINK! HE'D RATHER DRINK THAN EAT!...

HEY, LIQUOR-HEAD, THAT STUFF IS FOR THE CUSTOMERS... NOT YOU!

OKAY, HONEY, OKAY! IT'S JUST A LITTLE ONE!

NORA, THE WAITRESS AT JOE'S SPEAKEASY IS LOU'S WIFE. NORA IS A WORRIER, AND ONE OF THE THINGS SHE WORRIES ABOUT IS LOU'S DRINKING...

PLEASE, LOU, DON'T DRINK ANYMORE TONIGHT! YOU KNOW WHAT JOE SAID LAST TIME YOU GOT DRUNK!

FOR PETE SAKE, STOP NAGGING ME, NORA! I CAN HOLD MY LIQUOR!

THE HENDRICKS HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR THREE YEARS AND HAVE A SON TWO-YEARS-OLD! OCCASIONALLY, AGAINST NORA'S WILL, LOU BRINGS BOBBIE TO THE SPEAKEASY...

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, BOBBIE!

HE OUGHT TO HAVE A DRINK, LOU!

THATSH RIGHT, HAVE A BEER, KID

BOBBIE, COME HERE THIS INSTANT! OH, LOU, HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO YOUR SON?

YEAH.., I GUESS SHE'S RIGHT! THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A KID!

THE BOYS WERE JUST TEASING, THEY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

POOR NORA, SHE HAS HER PROBLEMS! DESPITE ALL HER PLEAS, LOU REFUSES TO CUT DOWN ON HIS DRINKING! IT IS ON NEW YEARS EVE THAT REAL TROUBLE DEVELOPES...

LOU, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE? I'VE GOT THREE... DRINKING! YOU'RE DRINKING AGAIN!

HAPPY NE

RELAX, JOE, THEY'LL WAIT!

BUT ON THIS, THE BUSIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR, JOE IS IN NO MOOD FOR LOU'S USUAL TRICKS...

LISTEN, YOU DRUNKEN SOT, I'M WARNING YOU... ONE MORE DRINK AND YOU'RE FIRED!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! NOBODY PUSHES LOU HENDRICKS AROUND!

THAT OUGHTA SHOW YOU, WISE GUY!

CRACCK

UGHHH!

LOU! NO, NO!

IT TAKES ONLY A MINUTE FOR JOE'S BOUNCERS TO THROW BOTH LOU AND NORA OUT OF THE SPEAKEASY FOR GOOD...

AND IF WE *EVER* CATCH YOU AROUND HERE *AGAIN*, WE'LL *BREAK* YOUR *SKULL* OPEN!

OKAY, OKAY! *TAKE IT EASY!*

OH, LOU, (SOB) LOU...

NO, IT ISN'T A VERY HAPPY WAY TO START A NEW YEAR...

IT WAS ALL BECAUSE YOU WERE *DRINKING*! YOU WERE *DRUNK* WHEN YOU HIT JOE!

AW, HE *DESERVED* IT ANYWAY! DON'T WORRY, HONEY, I'LL FIND ANOTHER JOB! EVERYTHING WILL BE *ALL RIGHT!*

BUT EVERYTHING IS NOT ALL RIGHT! WEEKS PASS... WEEKS IN WHICH NORA WORKS AS A CHAMBER MAID, BUT IN WHICH LOU STAYS HOME... HOME WITH A BOTTLE...

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE WOMAN! (HIC)

OH, LOU, YOU *PROMISED!* YOU PROMISED TO LOOK FOR A *JOB* TODAY!

MOMMIE, I'M *HUNGRY!* I DIDN'T HAVE NO LUNCH!

LOU, DIDN'T YOU EVEN *FEED* BOBBIE?

SHORRY, KID, I GUESS I FORGOT! TOO *BUSY* (HIC) TO FEED HIM!

FOR A MOMENT NORA'S ANGER REACHES THE BOILING POINT... BUT SHE KNOWS IT'S USELESS TO ARGUE WITH LOU WHEN HE'S DRUNK!

HUNGRY, MOMMIE!

DON'T CRY, DARLING, MOMMIE'S GOING TO FEED YOU RIGHT NOW! LOU, GO LIE DOWN! GO FINISH YOUR *BOTTLE*... DO ANYTHING, BUT *STAY OUT OF MY WAY!*

THATSH A FINE IDEA, HONEY! I'LL FINISHSH THE BOTTLE!

THE WEEKS TURN INTO MONTHS AND NORA, WHO NOW HAS TAKEN TWO JOBS TO KEEP THE FAMILY ALIVE, IS NEAR THE END OF HER ROPE...

IT'S GONE! *THE MONEY'S GONE! OH, GOD, NO! HE COULDN'T* HAVE SPENT IT... *HE COULDN'T HAVE!*

LOU, I HAD THE *RENT* MONEY IN THE BUREAU DRAWER! DID... *DID YOU TAKE IT?*

YESH, I TOOK IT! *SO WHAT?* MY *BOOT-LEGGER* GOT IN SOME SPECIAL *SCOTCH!* IT COST MORE DOUGH!

SCOTCH! LOU, THAT WAS THE RENT MONEY! FOR GOD'S SAKE, HAS ALCOHOL AFFECTED YOUR BRAIN? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? LIQUOR IS RUINING OUR LIVES!

FOR PETE SAKE, STOP SCREAMING! CAN'T A MAN EVEN HAVE A LITTLE DRINK OCCASIONALLY!

AND AS THE MONTHS DRAG INTO ENDLESS DRUNKEN YEARS, NORA STOPS COMPLAINING! SHE DOESN'T HAVE TIME... SHE WORKS 12 HOURS A DAY... AND LOU, WHY, LOU'S THE SAME AS EVER...

C'MON, LOU, WAKE UP AND GET INTO BED! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING IN THIS CHAIR THREE DAYS!

WHAT... WHO?

THE ONLY TIME THE EX-BARTENDER IS SOBER IS EARLY IN THE MORNING BEFORE NORA GOES TO WORK...

YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT HANG-OVER, LOU! TODAY'S BOBBIE'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL! PROMISE ME YOU'LL TAKE HIM!

SURE, SURE, HONEY, I'LL TAKE THE KID!

I DON'T WANNA GO TO SCHOOL!

NORA IS AT HER JOB WHEN THE PHONE CALL COMES NEXT MORNING...

HEY, NORA, THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT, THANKS, JIMMY!

SHE GETS TO HER FEET WEARILY AND WALKS TO THE SERVICE PHONE...

YES, THIS IS MRS. HENDRICKS...

THIS IS THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, MA'AM! SORRY TO HAVE TO BREAK IT TO YOU THIS WAY, BUT YOUR SON'S BEEN KILLED! RUN OVER BY A CAR ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL!

NORA DOESN'T SPEAK! SHE STANDS FOR A MOMENT AND THEN REPLACES THE RECEIVER IN IT'S CRADLE! SHE MOVES SLOWLY, TAKES HER COAT FROM THE LOCKER ROOM AND WALKS FROM THE HOTEL, HER FACE A BLANK MASK...

SHE ARRIVES HOME TO FIND LOU AT HIS USUAL SPOT... SITTING AT THE TABLE, A BOTTLE BEFORE HIM... HER VOICE IS QUIET, ALMOST EMOTIONLESS AS SHE SPEAKS...

WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE BOBBIE TO SCHOOL, LOU?

AW, HE'S OKAY, HONEY! HE DIDN'T NEED ME! THE KID'S OLD ENOUGH TO GO TO SCHOOL BY HIMSELF! MY BOOTLEGGER PHONED! HE JUST GOT IN A SHIPMENT OF...

HEY, IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

NORA, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

IT'S LIKE SHE DON'T EVEN HEAR!

BUT SHE DOESN'T LISTEN TO THE REMAINDER OF WHAT HE HAS TO SAY... INSTEAD, SHE TAKES OFF HER COAT AND WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN, STOPPING AT THE CLOSET...

HE KILLED HIM... KILLED BOBBIE!

IT WAS (HIC) TOO GOOD A *BARGAIN* TO PASS UP! A WHOLE *CASE* OF RYE FOR ONLY...

LOU MUMBLES ON DRUNKENLY, NOT SEEING NORA APPROACH FROM THE REAR...

YESSIR, IT'S *SCHWELL STUFF!* THE *BEST!* YOU OUGHTA TRY SOME, HONEY!

MURDERER! DIRTY DRUNKEN MURDERER! YOU KILLED HIM, LOU... KILLED OUR SON!

BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! I'M GOING TO CRACK THAT DUMB LIQUOR-SOAKED SKULL INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

IT'D DO YOU GOOD, NORA A *LITTLE DRINK'D* DO YOU *GOOD!*

ALL THE FURY AND DISGUST AND HATRED OF YEARS ARE BEHIND THE AXE AS NORA BRINGS IT SLASHING THROUGH THE AIR...

YAAHHHHH!

AND NOW THE SILENCE OF THE HENDRICKS APARTMENT IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE SOFT HUMMING OF NORA AS SHE BUSIES HERSELF WITH HER "WORK"..

FRANK WESLAKE IS LOU'S BOOTLEGGER AND WHEN, AN HOUR LATER, NORA APPEARS AT HIS DOOR, HE'S NOT SURPRISED! AFTER ALL, DOUSN'T A GOOD WIFE BUY HER HUSBANDS LIQUOR?

DON'T TELL ME THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS HAS *FINISHED* HIS CASE ALREADY?

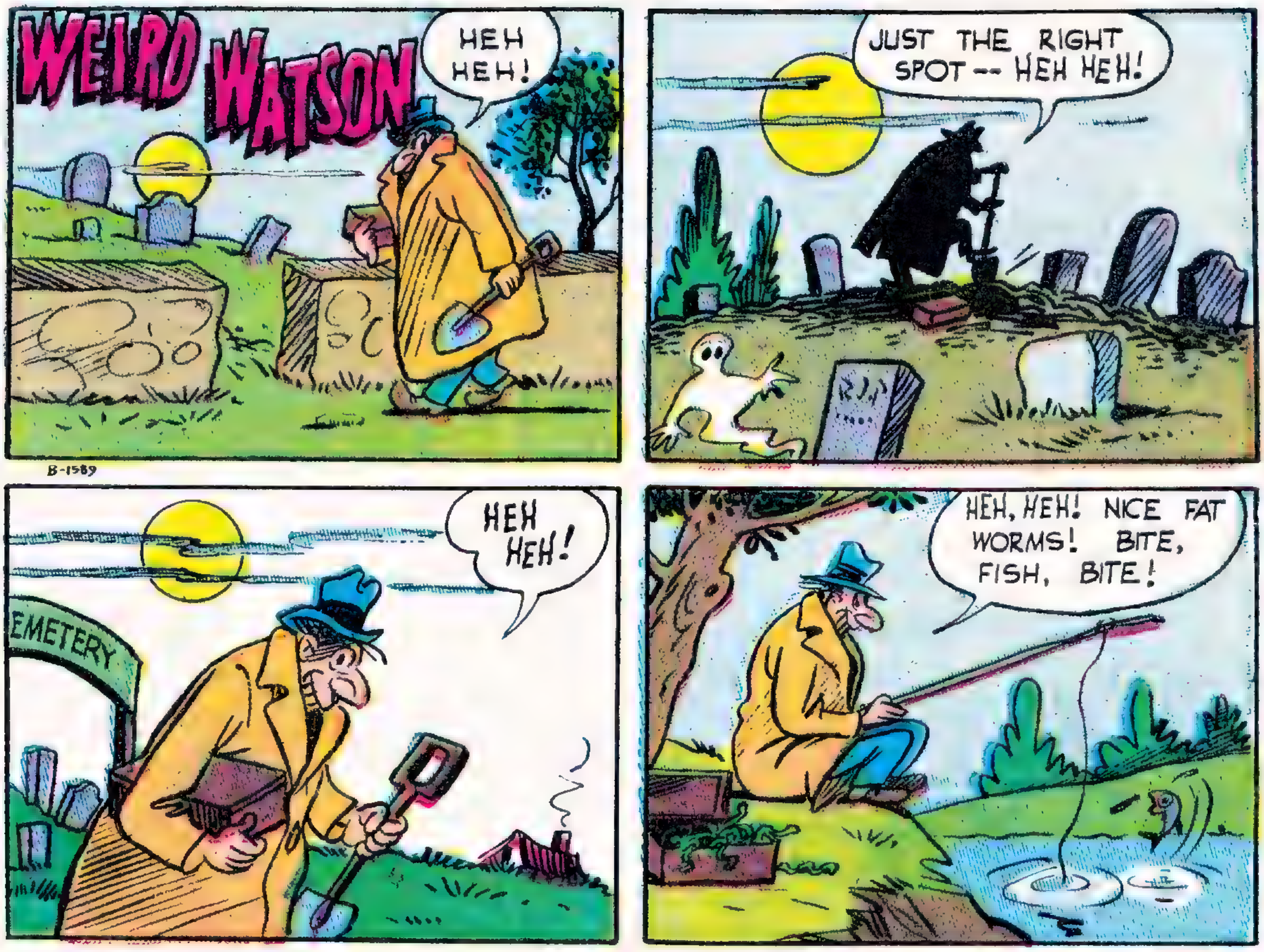
NO, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I'D LIKE TO *RETURN* IT.. I NEED THE MONEY, FRANK... *FOR A FUNERAL... A DOUBLE FUNERAL!*

THE LOOK ON NORA'S FACE ALLOWS NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS AND WESTLAKE TAKES THE CASE BACK, DEDUCTING MONEY FOR THE ONE BOTTLE LOU DRANK! NORA LEAVES AND THE BOOTLEGGER LOOKS AFTER HER SPECULATIVELY...

HMMN, *FUNNY!* I FIGURED THAT *RYE* WOULD BE *INSIDE* LOU BY NOW!

BUT IF WESTLAKE WERE TO EXAMINE THE REMAINDER OF THE CASE MORE CLOSELY HE'D SEE THAT IT IS LOU WHO IS INSIDE THE LIQUOR! HEH...HEH...HEH! SLEEP WELL, KIDDIES!

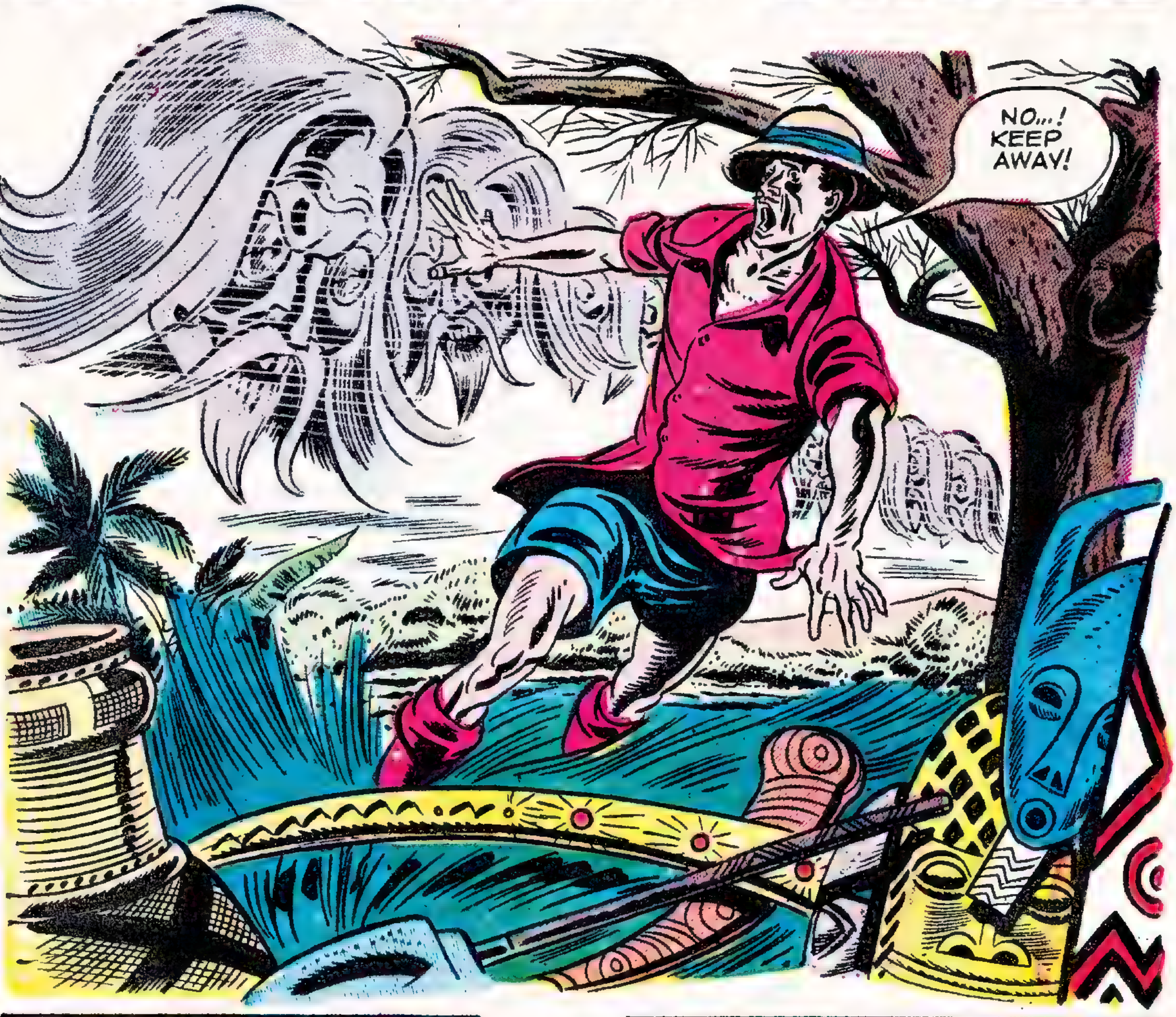
THE END!



Adventures into Darkness #14, June 1954. Artist unknown. Publisher: Pines.

WHEN ERIC RAMON MURDERED JOHNATHON SCOTT, HE THOUGHT THE FORTUNE OF THE AGES WAS HIS! BUT HIS ONLY REWARD WAS DEATH,... RENDERED BY AN ANCIENT AND GHASTLY SCHEME THAT RESULTED IN A....

SHRUNKEN SKULL



IN A NEW YORK MUSEUM...

SCOTT HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN MONTHS! I FEEL RESPONSIBLE!

WE ALL FEEL HIS LOSS! WE MUST GO TO AFRICA OURSELVES IN SEARCH OF HIM!

SOON AFTER, THE EXPEDITION SEEKING THE LOST JOHNATHAN SCOTT, PENETRATES THE SAVAGE INTERIOR! THEN...

LOOK! A NATIVE VILLAGE! ACCORDING TO OUR MAPS...

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, ERIC! ALL EVIDENCE SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT SCOTT IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA.

Horrific #7, September 1953. Artist unknown. Publisher: Comic Media.

RAMON, THE EXPEDITION'S LEADER, CONFERS WITH THE CHIEFTAN **ALONE!**

BEYOND VILLAGE IS HOLY VALLEY OF GOLD! AND GREAT WHITE GOD!

THAT MUST BE SCOTT! BUT COULD THAT BE? A VALLEY OF **GOLD!**

THE PROSPECT OF A GOLDEN VALLEY REMAINS RAMON'S GREEDY SECRET! AND THAT NIGHT AS HIS COMPANIONS SLEEP..

I'LL BE THERE BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M GONE! IF THERE REALLY IS A VALLEY OF GOLD, NO ONE WILL KNOW BUT **ME!**

THAT MORNING.

JOHNATHON!

ERIC! YOU'VE COME!

YES, ERIC... AT FIRST IT WAS TERRIBLE! BUT... THE NATIVES ARE VERY FRIENDLY AND I SOON BECAME INTERESTED IN THEIR CULTURE AND WELFARE!

THAT IS LIKE YOU, JOHNATHON! YOU WOULD NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GOLD... BUT **I** DO!

THESE SKULLS, JONATHON! ARE THE NATIVES .... I MEAN...?

THEY **ARE** SHRUNKEN HEADS, ERIC. BUT THESE NATIVES ARE HOSTILE ONLY WHEN THEY'RE PROVOKED!

THE TREACHEROUS RAMON WATCHES INTENTLY AS SCOTT CASUALLY OUTLINES THE ANCIENT CANNIBALISTIC HEAD SHRINKING TECHNIQUE .....

...THUS YOU SEE, ERIC, THIS HOCUS POCUS STUNT IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE!

YES, SCOTT! ANYONE COULD DO IT!

YES, **ANYONE!!**...IF I RETURN WITH SCOTT'S SHRUNKEN SKULL, THEY'LL THINK IT IS THE WORK OF NATIVES! AND **NO ONE** WILL KNOW OF THE GOLD!

AND AS THE UNSUSPECTING SCIENTIST TURNS AWAY FOR A MOMENT THE FIENDISH DAMON, EXECUTES HIS DIABOLICAL PLAN!

ERIC! WHAT ARE.. AAA-HHH-GGG--

DIE, SCOTT! DIE... SO THAT I MAY BE RICH AND POWERFUL!

AAAGGRR..RR!!

DEAD! NOW TO SEE HOW WELL I'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON ON THE ART OF HEAD SHRINKING!

LATER.. AS THE RUTHLESS MURDERER EXAMINES HIS HANDIWORK!

SUPERB! YOU TAUGHT ME WELL, JONATHON! HA, HA! NOW TO RETURN AND EXPLAIN THIS TO THE OTHERS!

IT'S JONATHON .. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! FRIGHTFUL!

TRAGIC! THE NATIVES ARE SAVAGE!

YES.. THIS IS A SAD ENDING TO OUR SEARCH!

THE GRIM BAND OF SCIENTISTS AND EXPLORERS PLACE THE SHRIVELLED AND SHRUNKEN HEAD OF THEIR DEAD CO-WORKER INTO A WOODEN BOX AND SOMBERLY PREPARE FOR THEIR RETURN TREK...OBLIVIOUS OF THE THIN SNEER THAT CREASES THEIR LEADER'S VISAGE...

NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE! WE'LL START BACK IMMEDIATELY, ERIC!

YES... IMMEDIATELY!

THE FOOLS SUSPECT NOTHING! I'LL RETURN FOR THE GOLD ALONE! THANK YOU, JONATHON SCOTT! HA-HA-HA-HA!

I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST MAN ON FIVE CONTINENTS! AND WEALTH MEANS *POWER!!*

BUT ERIC RAMON'S MOMENT OF DIABOLICAL GLORY IS **SHORT LIVED...**

AAAAEEEE!!!..!!

NO, NO...!! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

THE OTHERS RACE TO THEIR TREMBLING LEADER'S SIDE IN ASTONISHMENT!

ERIC! WHAT WAS IT? A REPTILE?

NO..NO..IT WASN'T ANYTHING..A... LITTLE JUNGLE FEVER...! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

AS THE PROCESSION TOWARD IT'S PORT OF EMBARKATION, ERIC RAMON ATTEMPTS TO COMPOSE HIMSELF... TO DISMISS FROM HIS MIND THE THOUGHT OF THE **HIDEOUS APPARITION!**

IT WAS A HALLUCINATION! NOTHING MORE...I WAS **IMAGINING** THINGS!

BUT HIS WORDS ARE BARELY UTTERED WHEN...

THE JUNGLE IS JUST... WHAAA.. AGGGHH!

NOOO "NO" NO..!!

POOR ERIC! HE'S A VERY SICK MAN!

THANK HEAVENS WE'RE ONLY A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM OUR SHIP!

THE SEAPORT IS FINALLY REACHED AND THE DISTRAUGHT RAMON BREATHES A SILENT SIGH OF RELIEF!

SAFE AT LAST! AND THE **GOLD**... WILL YET BE **MINE!**

YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER, ERIC! IT'S BEEN A LONG, AND DIFFICULT JOURNEY. AND HOW AWFUL THAT ALL WE RETURN WITH IS JONATHON'S SHRUNKEN HEAD IN A BOX!

YES ..... AWFUL ..... IN A BOX ....

THOSE BEASTLY CANNIBALS WERE...

AIII! GET AWAY! STOP PLAGUING ME...!!

IN HYSTERICAL RAGE AND BLIND FEAR, ERIC RAMON LUNGES AT THE SHRUNKEN, TWISTED, GROTESQUE, TORMENTING SKULL!

ERIC....!! THE RAIL..!!

I'LL GET YOU JONA.... AIEE.... YAAAAAA!!

BUT THE MADDENED MURDERER'S LEAP BECOMES HIS **DEATH DIVE!!**

IT'S HOPELESS! HE'S SURELY DROWNED... AND HIS BODY MUST BE FIVE THOUSAND FATHOMS DOWN!

FIRST JONATHON ...AND NOW ERIC!

WHEN THE LUCKLESS EXPEDITION RETURNS TO ITS NEW YORK OFFICES, THE BOX CONTAINING THE SHRUNKEN SKULL OF JONATHON IS OPENED! AND AS THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION CRINGE IN DEATHLY HORROR... IT IS EVIDENT THAT JUSTICE.. **STRANGE PRIMITIVE** JUSTICE... HAS BEEN DONE!!

THE SKULL... IT **CAN'T** BE!

BUT IT IS! IT.... IT'S.... **ERIC!!**

THE END.

VOODOO DOLLS

WHEN A MAN BEGINS TO PLAY WITH DOLLS, MOST PEOPLE WOULD CONSIDER HIM INSANE. BUT INSANITY COMES IN MANY FORMS JUST AS DOLLS COME IN MANY FORMS... THERE ARE RAG DOLLS, PAPER DOLLS, WALKING DOLLS, TALKING DOLLS... BUT KENDALL WINTHROP'S PLAYTHINGS WERE "VOODOO DOLLS!"

HELEN WINTHROP WAS CONVINCED THAT HER HUSBAND WAS SLOWLY BUT SURELY GOING MAD. WHEN HE HAD FIRST BEGUN HIS STUDY OF THE OCCULT AND SUPER-NATURAL SHE HAD REGARDED IT AS A WHIM, A PASSING FANCY. BUT NOW SHE REALIZED HE WAS DEADLY SERIOUS..... OBSESSED...

KENDALL, CAN'T YOU STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE DINNER? FATHER AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU...

LEAVE ME ALONE! DON'T YOU SEE I'M ON THE VERGE OF MY MOST **IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!!**

HELEN, YOU MUST PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. THIS OBSESSION OF KENDALL'S WILL PASS. HE'S TOO INTELLIGENT TO LET SUCH NONSENSE OCCUPY HIM FOR TOO LONG...

YOU'RE WRONG, FATHER...YOU CAN SEE WHAT IT'S DONE TO HIM. HE'S LIKE A CRAZY MAN!!

Weird Mysteries #11, July 1954. Artist unknown. Publisher: Stanley Morse.

YES, KENDALL WAS LIKE A CRAZY MAN... AND IF ANYONE COULD HAVE SEEN HIM AT THAT MOMENT THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO DOUBT OF IT...

I'VE MASTERED IT... I'M SURE I HAVE! NOW TO PUT IT TO THE TEST!

KENDALL THEN PERFORMED A WIERD RITUAL, WAVING HIS ARMS AND CHANTING IN AN ANCIENT, LONG-FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE. THE OBJECT OF THIS CEREMONY WAS A TINY DOLL... THE FIGURE OF A DOG... A POLICE DOG...

KENDALL'S ACTIONS BECAME MORE AND MORE FEVERISH AS THE CLIMAX OF THE RITUAL DREW NEAR. AT LAST, IN A SURGE OF TREMENDOUS EXHULTATION HE HELD THE DOLL IN BOTH HANDS AND TWISTED, SNAPPING THE HEAD FROM THE BODY!

THE CEREMONY AT AN END, HE RETURNED THE STUDY TO IT'S FORMER APPEARANCE AND PREPARED TO JOIN HIS WIFE AND FATHER-IN-LAW FOR DINNER. HE WAS ABOUT TO DISPOSE OF THE BROKEN STATUE WHEN THE DOORBELL RANG...

I'LL GET IT, FATHER!

THERE WAS A MAN AT THE DOOR... IN HIS ARMS HE CARRIED A DEAD DOG. KENDALL'S DOG... IT'S HEAD HUNG AT A CRAZY ANGLE...

I'M SORRY, MA'M... I COULDN'T AVOID HIM. HE RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF MY CAR! HIS... HIS NECK WAS BROKEN!

KENDALL ENTERED THE ROOM AND STARED IN UTTER FASCINATION AT THE BODY OF THE DEAD DOG. HIS FACE WAS A MIXTURE OF AWE AND ELATION FOR HE ALONE KNEW THE STRANGE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ACCIDENT...

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SHRIEK FROM HIS WIFE...

KENDALL! WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?!

SHE SNATCHED THE BROKEN DOLL FROM HIM...

HE DID IT.... IT WAS BLACK MAGIC...VOODOO...HE KILLED HIS OWN DOG WITH VOODOO!!

NONSENSE, CHILD...

...KENDALL'S DOLL HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DOG'S DEATH. THE WHOLE THING WAS AN ACCIDENT, PLAIN AND SIMPLE! VOODOO INDEED.... HUMBUG!

KENDALL KNEW IT WOULD BE POINTLESS TO DISAGREE WITH HELEN'S FATHER.... THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY TO PROVE THAT HE HAD CAUSED THE DOG'S DEATH. A MUCH BETTER WAY...

AH—THIS IS ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE. NOW YOU OLD FOOL, WE WILL SEE IF VOODOO IS 'HUMBUG'!

FOR SEVERAL DAYS HE WORKED FEVERISHLY ON THE TINY STATUE, CAREFULLY CHISELING THE MINUTEST DETAILS IN THE RARE WOOD. AND WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HE STARED AT IT WITH COMPLETE SATISFACTION.....

PERFECT TO THE LAST DETAIL...AN EXACT MINIATURE OF MY ESTEEMED FATHER-IN-LAW!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE STRANGE RITUAL TOOK PLACE....

KENDALL BECAME SO ABSORBED IN HIS BLACK MAGIC THAT HE DID NOT SEE THE DOOR OPEN. HELEN STOOD IN THE DOORWAY AND STARED INCREDULOUSLY AS HER HUSBAND WENT THROUGH HIS WIERD INCANTATIONS....

A VOODOO CURSE...HE'S CASTING A VOODOO CURSE!!

PETRIFIED, SHE WATCHED AS KENDALL RAISED THE SPIKE AND DROVE IT INTO THE HEART OF THE WOODEN FIGURE.... IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT SHE REALIZED WHOM THE DOLL REPRESENTED!

NO! OH, NO!

WITH A SCREAM SHE RAN...RAN FROM THAT SCENE OF HORROR...RACED TO HER FATHER'S ROOM...HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT HER PREMONITION WOULD BE WRONG...

FATHER!!

HE WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR, WRITHING IN AGONY, HIS HANDS TEARING AT HIS CHEST, HIS FACE DISTORTED.....

MY HEART... HELEN... THE PAIN... IT'S... AARGH!!

AND KENDALL SMILED, A WRY SATISFIED SMILE.

TWO WEEKS WENT BY AND HELEN WAS STILL IN A STATE OF MENTAL SHOCK. SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND HAD SOME-HOW BROUGHT ABOUT THE DEATH OF HER FATHER BUT HER MIND REFUSED TO GRASP THE TRUTH...

....UNTIL ONE DAY....

HE'S MAKING ANOTHER DOLL..BUT WHO? WHO?

WHO INDEED....WHO ELSE IS THERE??

HELEN WATCHED AND WAITED... TWO DAYS LATER THE DOLL WAS FINISHED.

HELLO, DR. SAUNDERS, COULD YOU PLEASE COME OVER RIGHT AWAY. IT'S MY WIFE,, I'M AFRAID SHE'S GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO HARM HERSELF. HER FATHER'S DEATH SEEMS TO HAVE UNBALANCED HER.

I'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR...

AND WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVES, MY DEAR, IT WILL BE **TOO LATE!**

THE CEREMONY BEGAN. THE EERIE CHANT ROSE AND FELL, FILLING THE ROOM WITH IT'S DISSONANT TONES... THE INCENCE PERMEATING THE AIR **WITH** IT'S THICK, **SWEET** SMELLING ACRIDNESS...

THE DOCTOR ARRIVED AN HOUR LATER. KENDALL WAS RIGHT..... IT WAS **WAS** TOO LATE....

...TOO LATE FOR KENDALL!!

VOO DOO, HOODOO, PRETTY DOLLY, LITTLE PINS TO MAKE YOU JOLLY... CAST A SPELL AND CHANT A CURSE, NOW YOU'RE READY FOR THE HEARSE... VOODOO, HOODOO....

#55

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THE SAILOR MEETS THE

MISERMITES

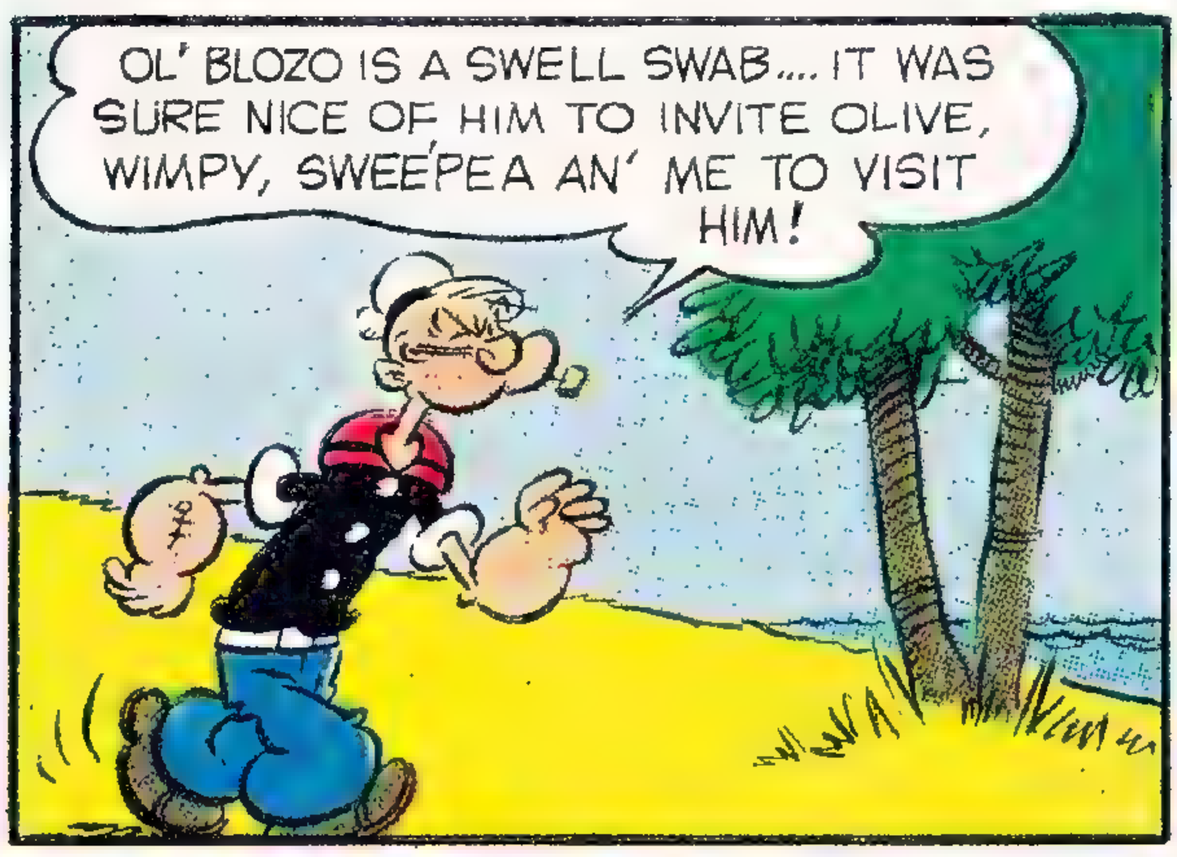
OR

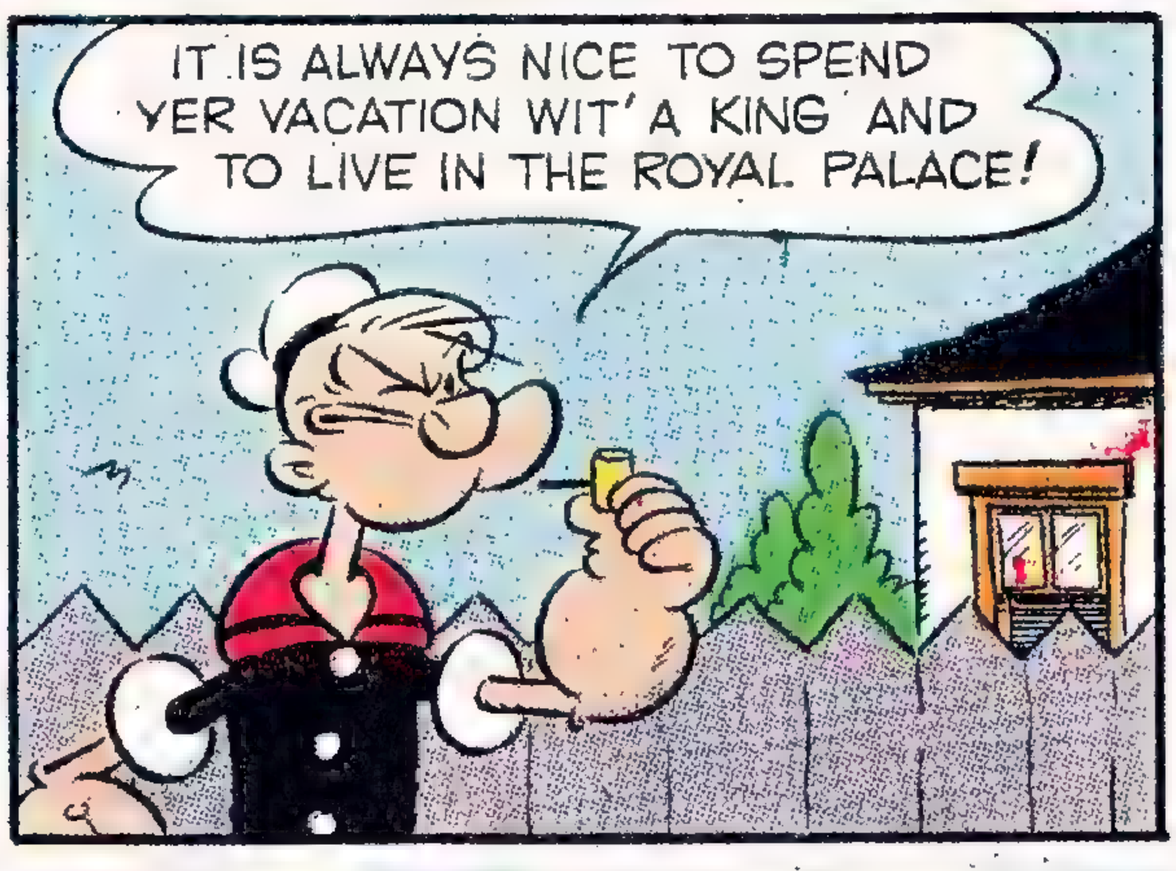
"NAIL IT DOWN QUICK!!"

OR

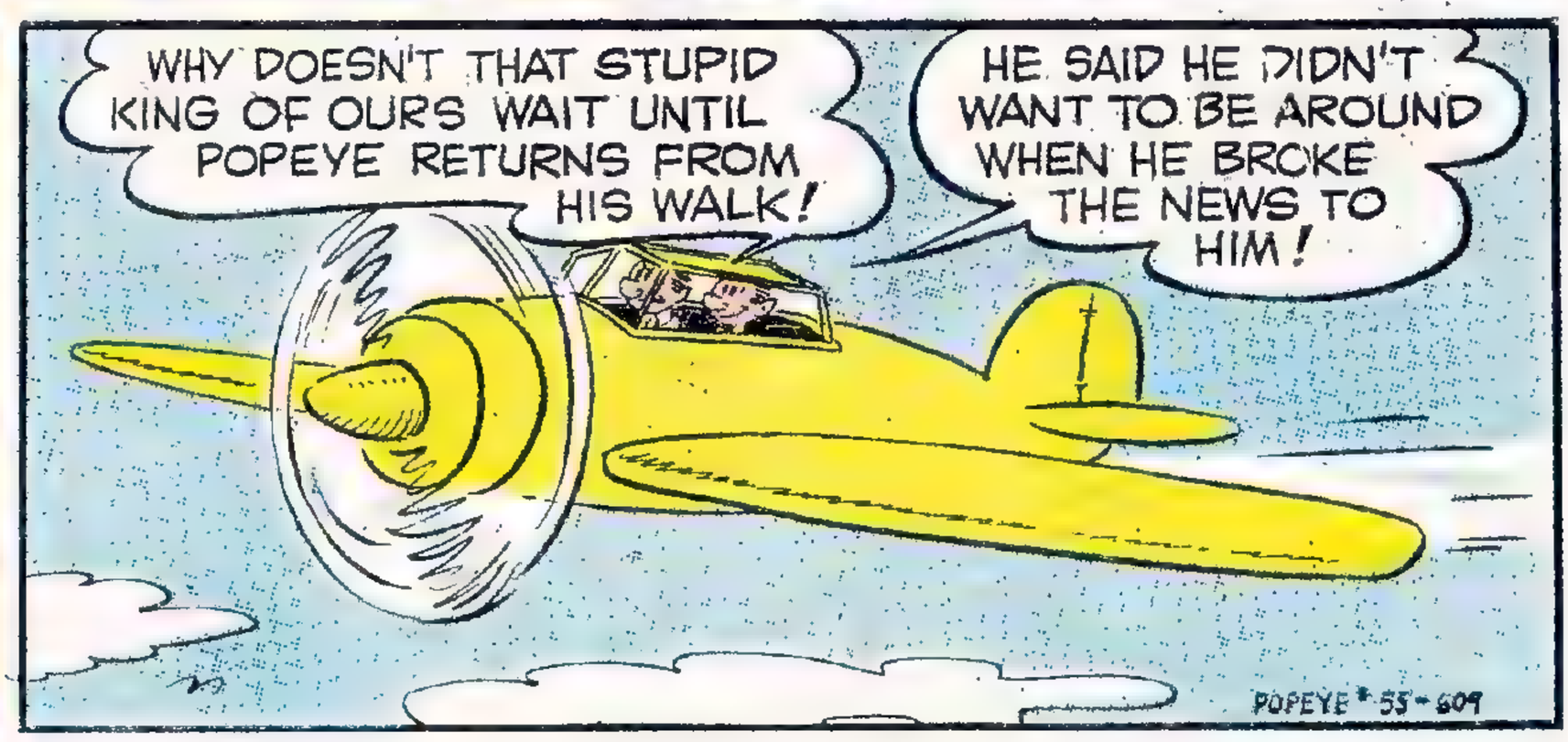
"THE MISERMITE INVASION!!"

By BUD SAGENDORF





WHILE POPEYE IS STROLLING AROUND THE ISLAND KINGDOM OF SPINACHOVIA A SMALL PLANE IS SEARCHING FOR HIM!


WHY DOESN'T THAT STUPID KING OF OURS WAIT UNTIL POPEYE RETURNS FROM HIS WALK!
HE SAID HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN HE BROKE THE NEWS TO HIM!
POPEYE * 55 - 609

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THERE HE IS DOWN THERE!

OKAY, START YOUR DIVE!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! 'AT AIRYPLANE IS DIVIN' RIGHT AT ME!!

ARF! ARF! 'EM SWABS THINKS I YAM A SISSY AN' THEY IS TRYIN' TO SCARE ME!

?

?

?

WHA-TH..??

THEY DROPPED SUMPIN'!

?

SPLAT!

I HAS BEEN BOMBED!

IT IS A BLASTID ROCK WIT' A NOTE TIED TO IT!

?

?

?

?

IT IS A MESSAGE FROM KING BLOZO!?!

NEXT TUESDAY IS MARCH 22ND

BLOZO!

BLASTID CHEAP MONARCH... I WISH HE'D STOP USING THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TO DELIVER MESSAGES!

NEXT TUESDAY IS MARCH 22 BLOZO!

AHOY, POPEYE...IS YA OKAY.... I SAW WHAT THAT AIRYPLANE DID TO YA!!

I YAM OKAY, SWEE'PEA!

DOES YOU KNOW WHAT MARCH 22 IS?

YEAH, IT IS THE SECOND DAY OF SPRING!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHY WOULD OL' BLOZO WANT ME TO KNOW THAT THE SECOND DAY OF SPRING IS COMIN'?

?

?

?

HERE COMES MISTER WIMPY...PERHAPS HE KIN TELL YA!!

AHOY, WIMPY.... DOES YOU KNOW THAT NEXT TUESDAY IS MARCH 22....THE SECOND DAY OF SPRING?

?

GULP

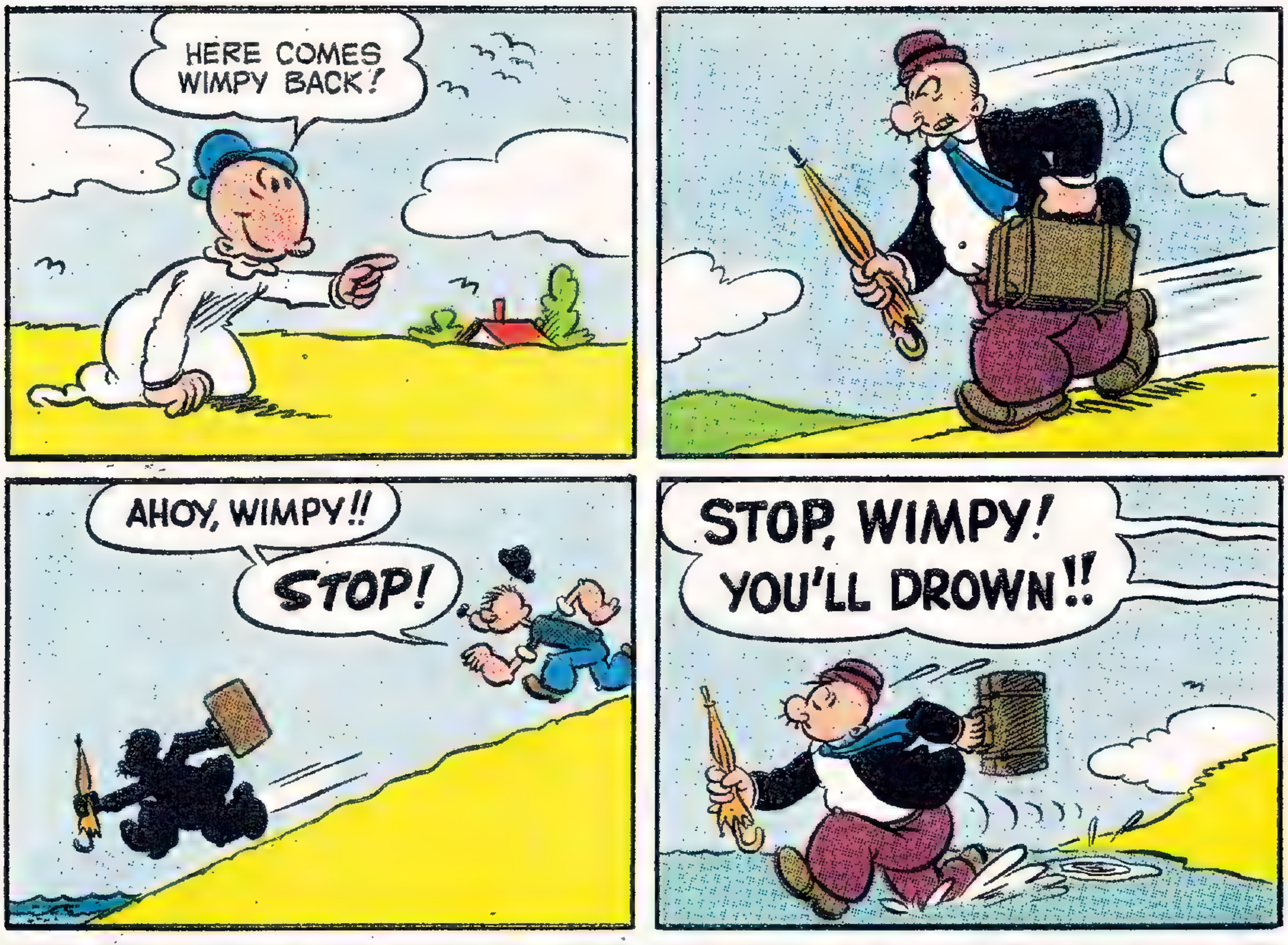
WHA' TH'?

?

I GUESS HE KNOWS SUMPIN' WE DOESN'T KNOW!

MARCH 22.... GULP!

PARDON ME... THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!


HERE COMES WIMPY BACK!
AHOY, WIMPY!!
STOP!
STOP, WIMPY! YOU'LL DROWN!!
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, SIR....
I AM GOING HOME!!
WHA'S GOT INTA YA, WIMPY....THEY IS A THOUSING MILES OF WATER BETWEEN HERE AN' HOME!! YA KIN NOT WALK IT.!!
I'D RATHER TRY THAN BE HERE ON MARCH 22!
WHAT THE HECK DOES MARCH 22 HAVE TO DO WIT' IT?
YOU HAVE A SHORT MEMORY!
MARCH 22ND IS THE SECOND DAY OF SPRING AND MEANS THE COMING OF THE MISERMITES!!
YIKE!
OH, MY GORSH!!

SO THAT'S WHY BLOZO INVITED US TO VISIK HIM!!

HE THINKS I'LL HELP HIM PROTECT HIS COUNTRY FROM THE ANNUAL INVASION OF MISERMITES!

EVERY YEAR THEM LI'L SWABS COME OVER HERE FROM THEIR ISLAND TO REPLENISH THEIR SUPPLIES!

THEY IS THE WORSE THIEVES IN A WORLD... THEY CAN STRIP A WHOLE CITY IN A HALF-HOUR!

THEY IS SO SMALL AN' NASTY THAT THEY IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO FIGHT!

WHEN YA SLAPS ONE DOWN, A THOUSING MORE JUMP ON YA!

YE ROYAL PALACE

AHOY, YA BLASTID SNEAKY MONARCH, WE IS GOIN' HOME!

?

?

?

YA GOT US HERE UNDER FALSE PRETENSERS!! YA JUST WANTED TO GET SOME FREE PROTECTION!

HM?

WA-A-A-A!! YOU HATE ME! YOU DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO MY MISERABLE COUNTRY!

?

STOP CRYIN', BLOZO....YA IS TRYIN' TO WORK ON ME SYMPTITHYS!

GO ON! GO HOME!! LEAVE A DEAR FRIEND IN TROUBLE!!

SNIFF

YOU WOULDN'T BE SO CRUEL TO ME IF YOU KNEW WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR!!

WAS LAST YEAR A BAD MISERMITE YEAR??

BAD!? WOW! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT!!

THEY LANDED THE MORNING OF MARCH TWENTY-SECOND.....

?

IN MINUTES THEY HAD WIPED OUT THE WATERFRONT...NOTHING WAS SAFE....

ROYAL PALACE
VISITORS WELCOME

BY NOON THEY HAD STRIPPED THE TOWN AND WERE MOVING ON MY PALACE....

? ? ?

I WAS TAKING A NAP AND THEY ALMOST TOOK ME WITH MY BED!

#55

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